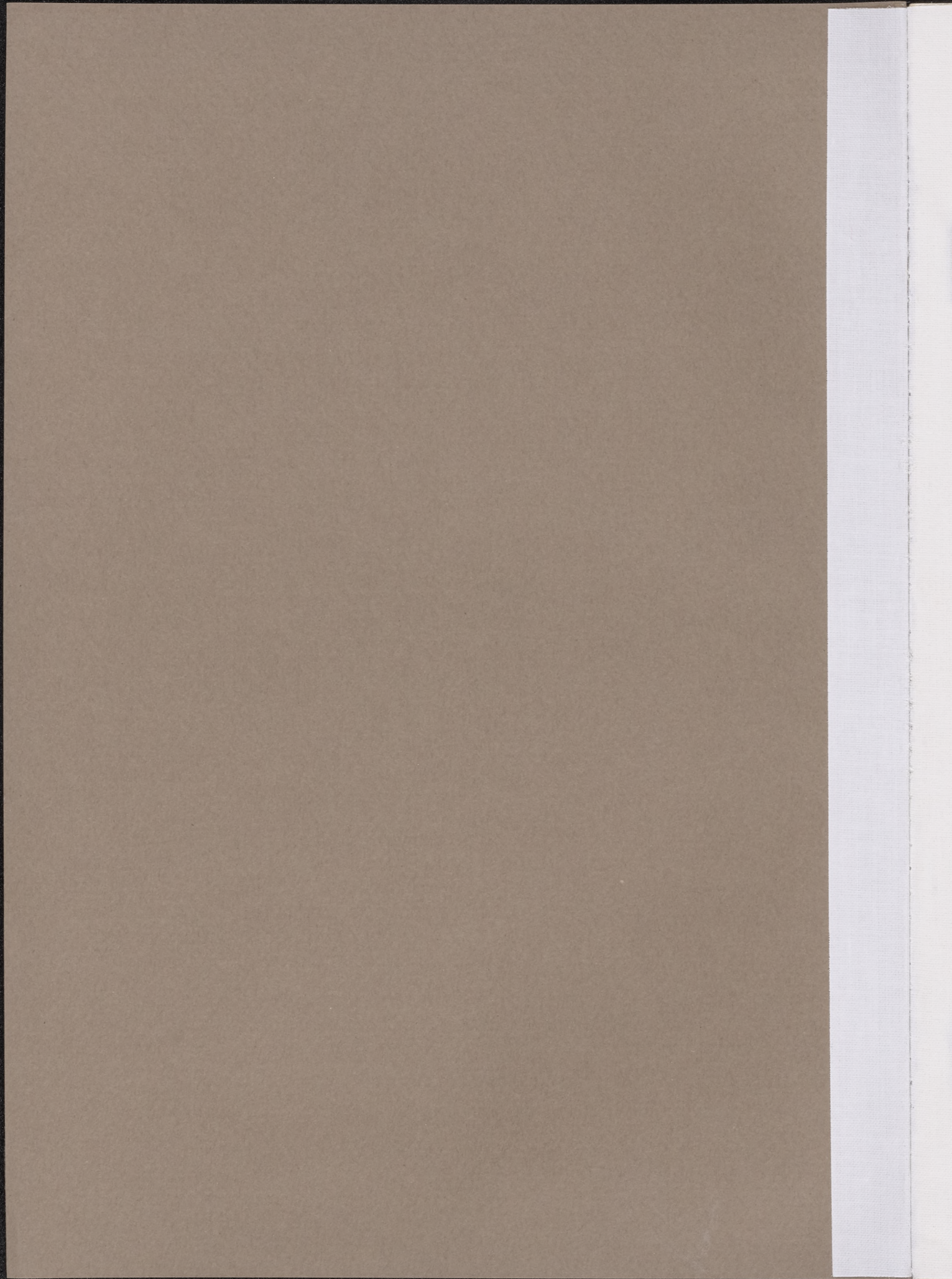
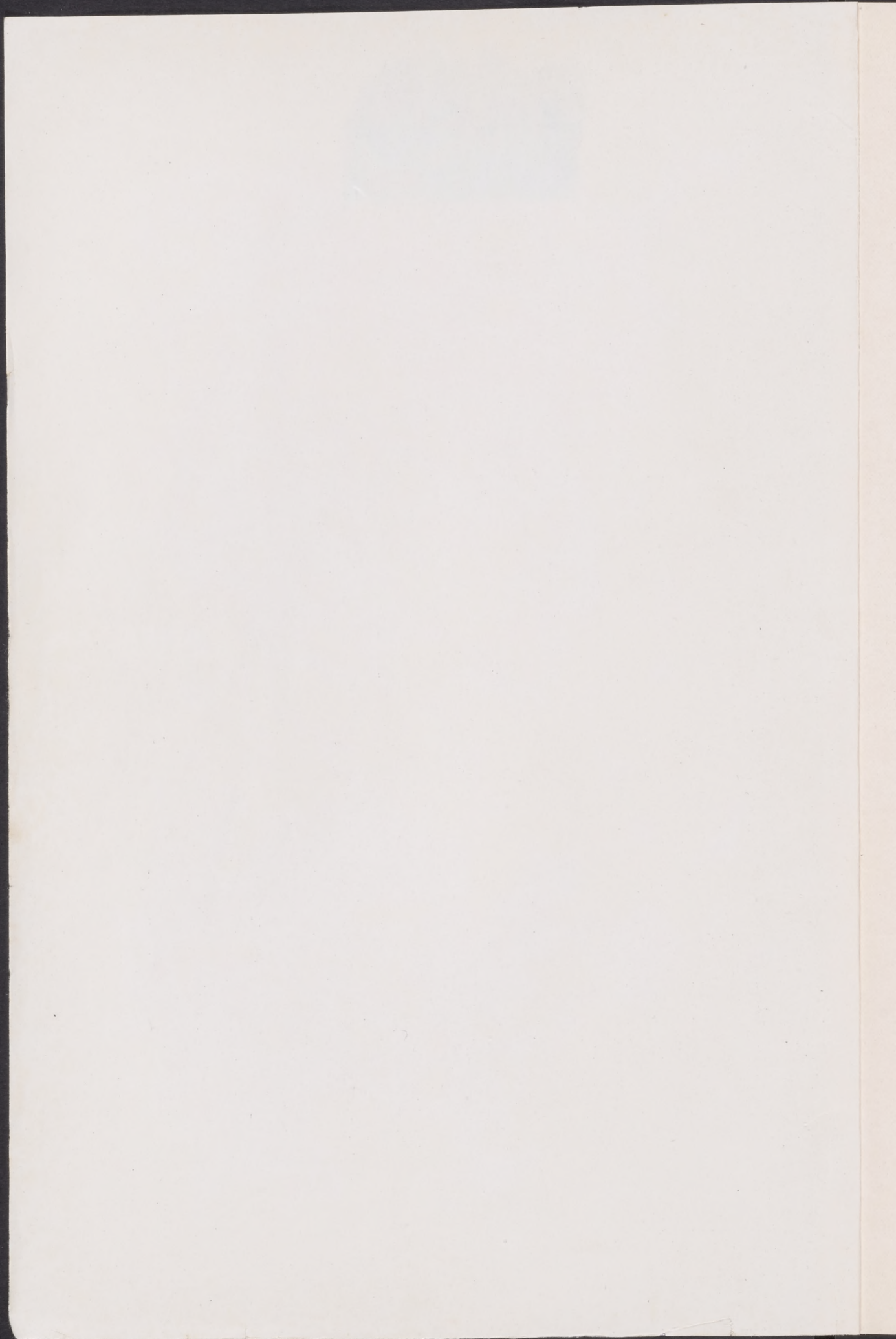






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The Enterprise.
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PETA

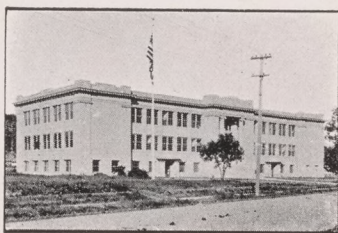


The Enterprise

1918

Petaluma High School

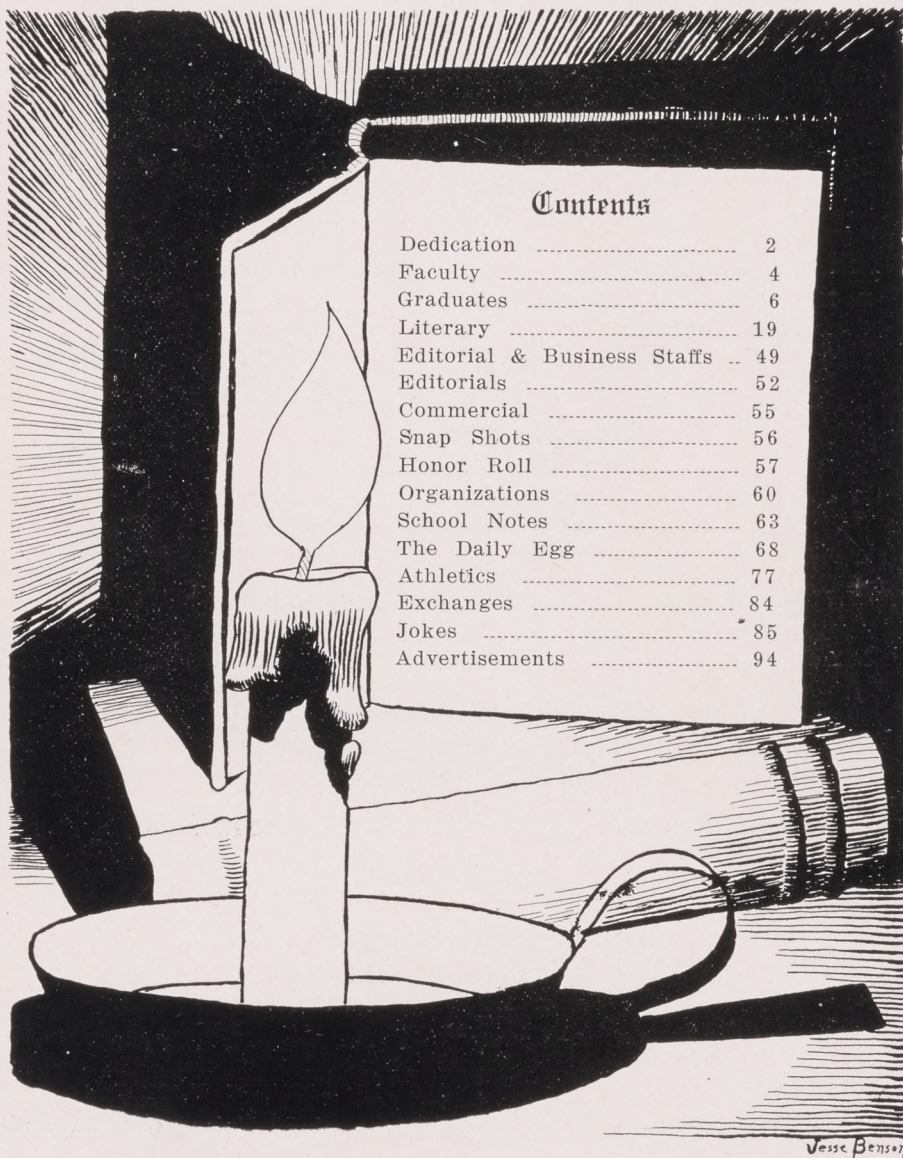
Petaluma - - California



To Our Boys in the Service
"Over Here" and "Over There"

Who are "doing their bit" to make
the world safe for Democracy, this
issue is sincerely dedicated





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Jesse Benson

Faculty



RUDOLPH F. NYMAN—Principal.

A. B., University of Michigan.

L.L.B., University of Chattanooga.

A. M., University of California.

Civics, History and Spanish.

MISS NINA L. BEAUCHAMP

B. L., University of California.
Commercial Branches.

THOLOW BINKLEY

A. B., Stanford University.
Graduate Student.

Physics, Manual Training,
Mechanical Drawing.

MISS EMMA F. DANIEL

B. S., University of California.

Medical Student in University of
California, College of Medicine.
Science.

MISS LYLE MERRITT

A. B., University of California.
Latin.

MISS LAURA I. NAGEL

A. B., A. M., Stanford University
German, Drawing.

MISS EMMA V. HESSE

B. S., University of California.
Geometry, Mathematics.

MISS OLIVE HENDERSON

Mills College.
Domestic Art, Domestic Science.

MISS GLADYS PILKINGTON

B. L., University of California.
English.

MISS HELEN PRUTZMAN

A. B., University of California.
Cogswell Polytechnic College.
English, Music.

ALVAH B. WAY

Ph. B., A. M., Ottawa University
A. B. Stanford University.
Graduate Business Department,
O. U. Heald's Business College.
Commercial Branches.

MISS MADGE WOODMAN

B. L., University of California.
Graduate Student.
History.

Class of '18



Motto:

"Love, Labor, Laugh"



Class Flower:

Daisy



Class Colors:

Gold and White

Graduates

NANETTA ADAMS
ESTHER LINEA ANDERSON
JESSE BENSON
RAY BRAMAN BENSON
HOMER WALDO BROWN
VIVIAN BURROWS
SUSAN CASTERLINE
GEORGIE CHAMBERLAIN
HORTENSE CLARK
GEORGE WILLIAM CROZIER
GLADYS DAHLMANN
RUTH JOSEPHINE DAHLMANN
VERA DASHIELL
DOROTHA DAUNT
WARREN DODGE
HENRY BURWELL DOSS
CLAIRE GALLAGHER
STANLEY GREGORY
LOUIS CNOPIUS HAMILTON
OSCAR KULBERG
CARROLL SHERMAN LEONARD
CHRISTINA DOROTHY LIDDLE
NELLIE WILHELMINA LORENTZEN
AGNES THERESA MATZEN
MERCY MEYER
ELLEN ELIZABETH NICKSON
ESTHER OLETTA PEDERSEN
IVAR O. PEDERSEN
HENRY REYNAUD
HAROLD LOUIS RORDEN
LEONARD BENSON SKILLING
DEAN KINGSLEY SMITH
CECIL FRANKLIN SULLIVAN
RUTH THOM
GRACIE BEATRICE TOMPKINS
ADA FAY TURNER
LOUISE WAGNER
ESTHER WAITE
WILMA WAITE

Certificates of Proficiency

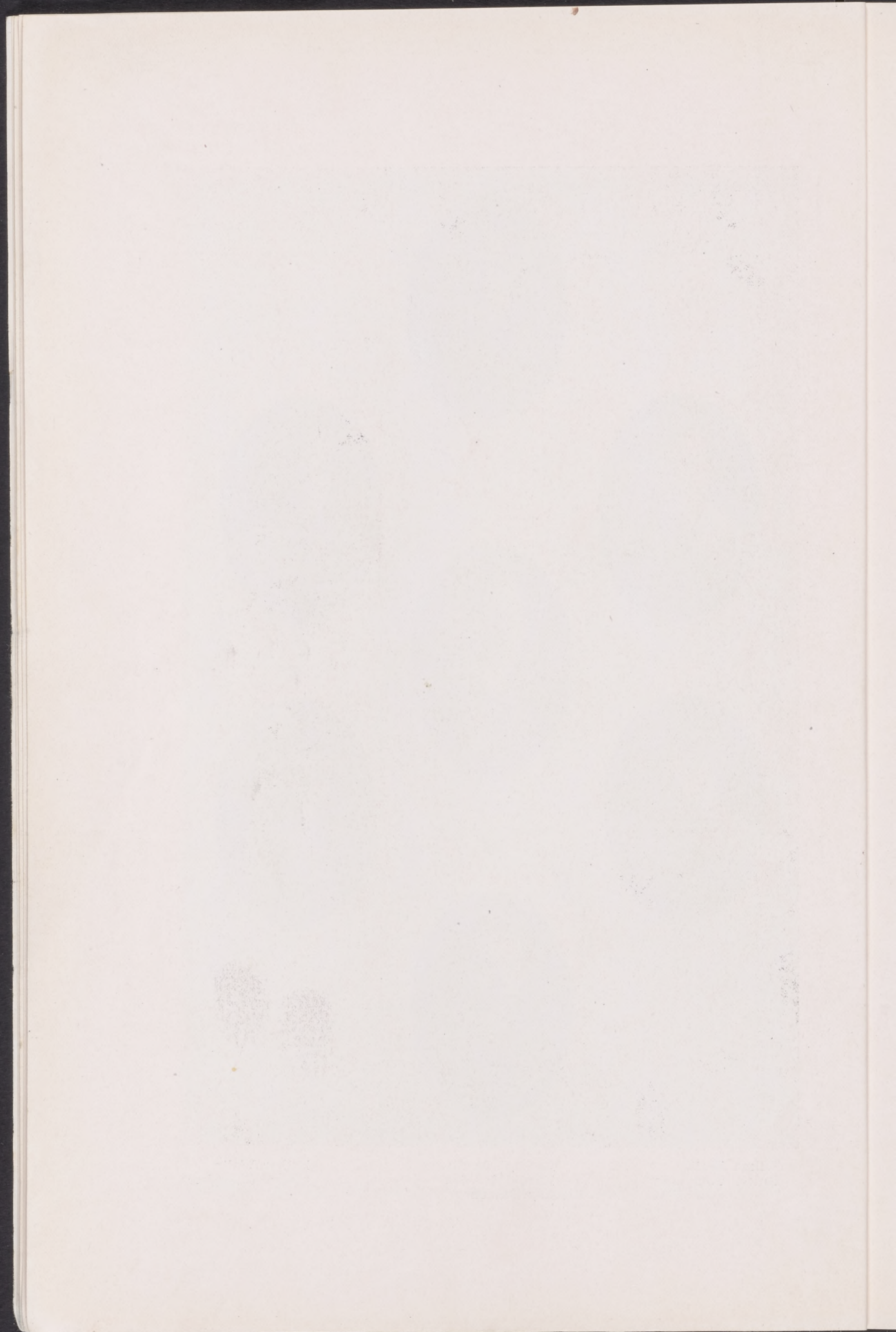
NORTON KEYT
ELMER JULIUS STARKE
LENORA LASHER
CECIL FRANKLIN SULLIVAN
EVA WIELING
CERILLA WHITTAKER



Wilma Waite
Gracie Tompkins

Leonard Skilling
Harold Rorden
Ray Benson

Esther Waite
Claire Gallagher

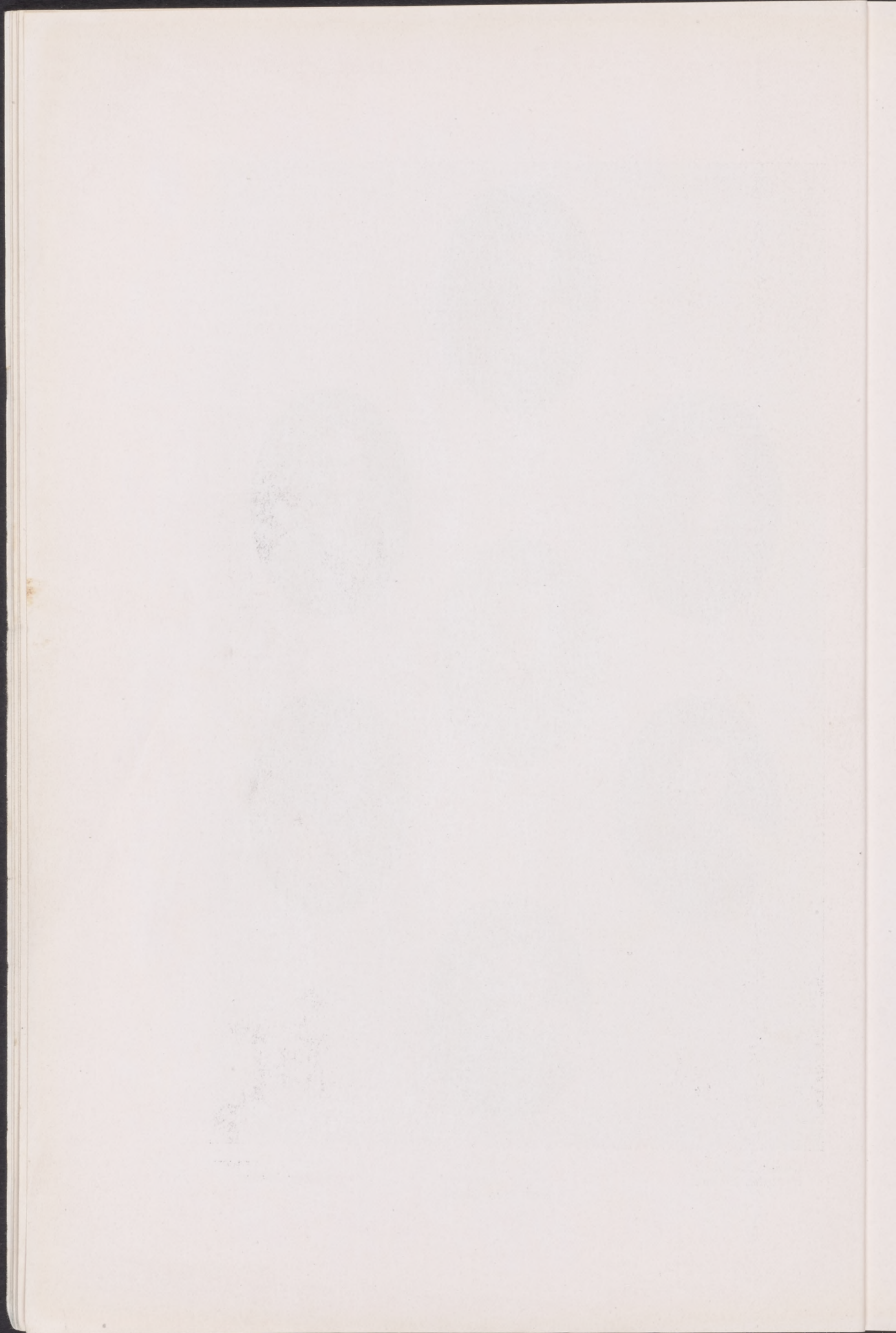


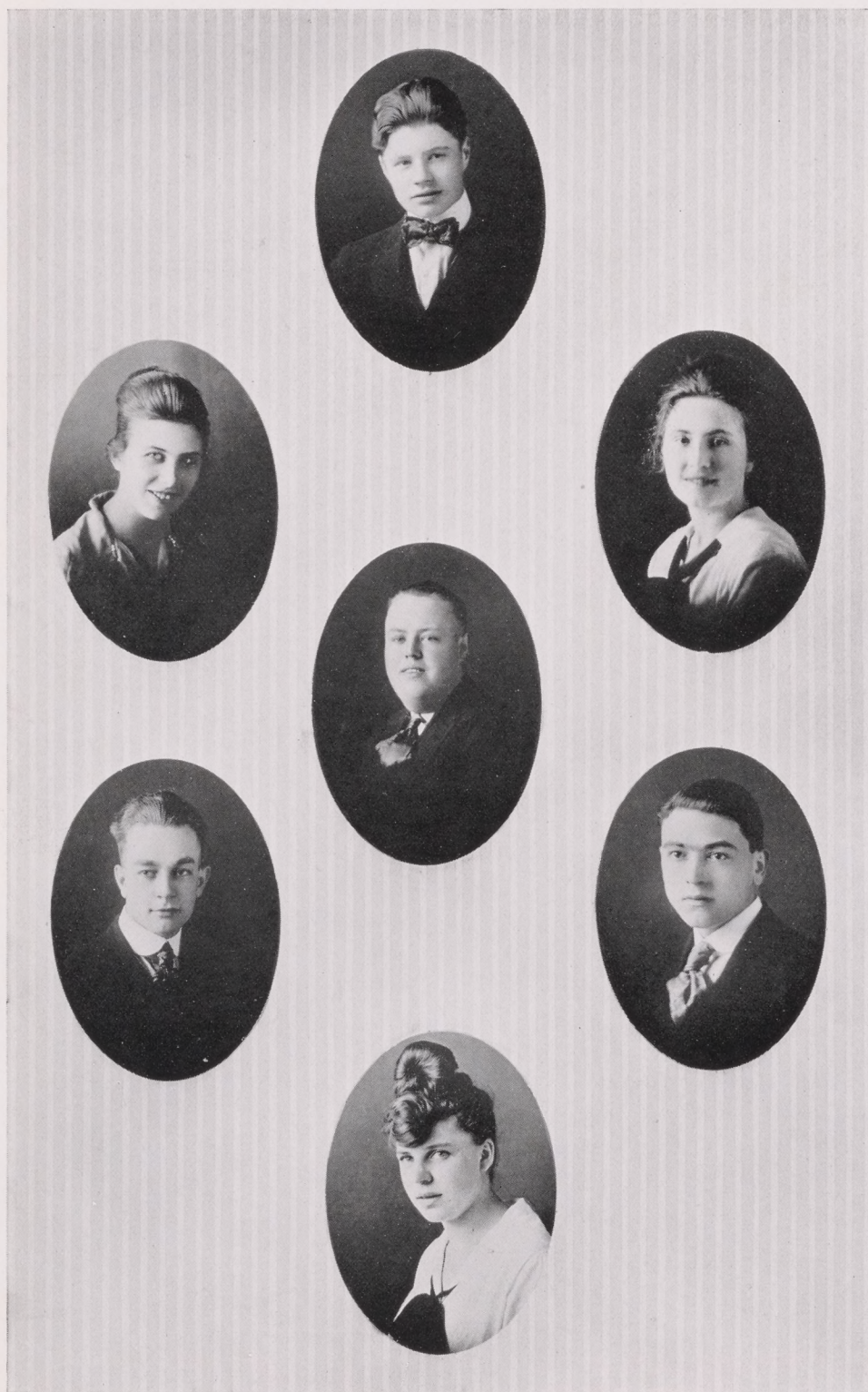


Oscar Kulberg
Dorotha Daunt

Vera Dashiell
Henry Reynaud
Hortense Clark

Stanley Gregory
Mercy Meyer

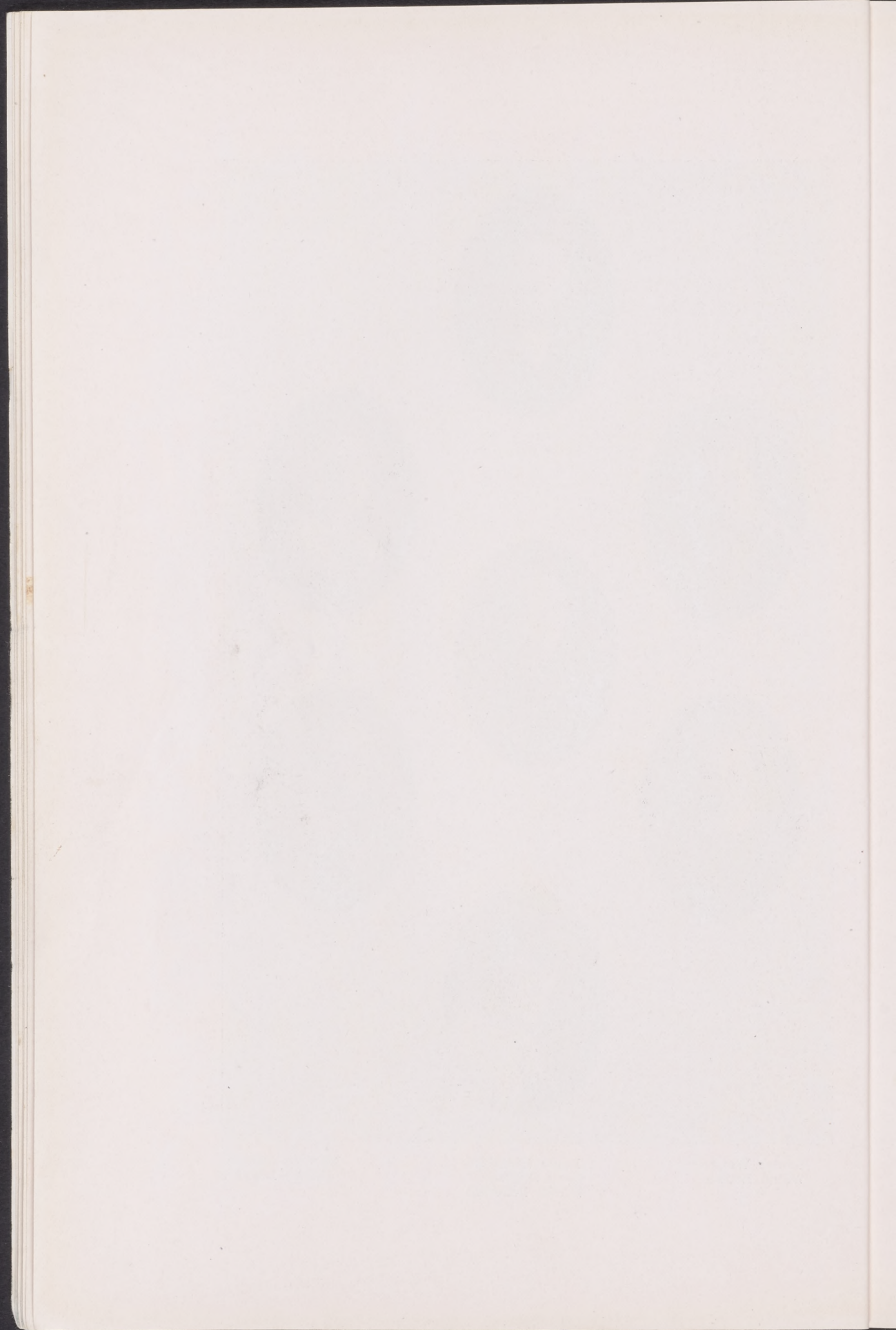




Louise Wagner
Waldo Brown

Louis Hamilton
Cecil Sullivan
Esther Pedersen

Nanetta Adams
Carroll Leonard

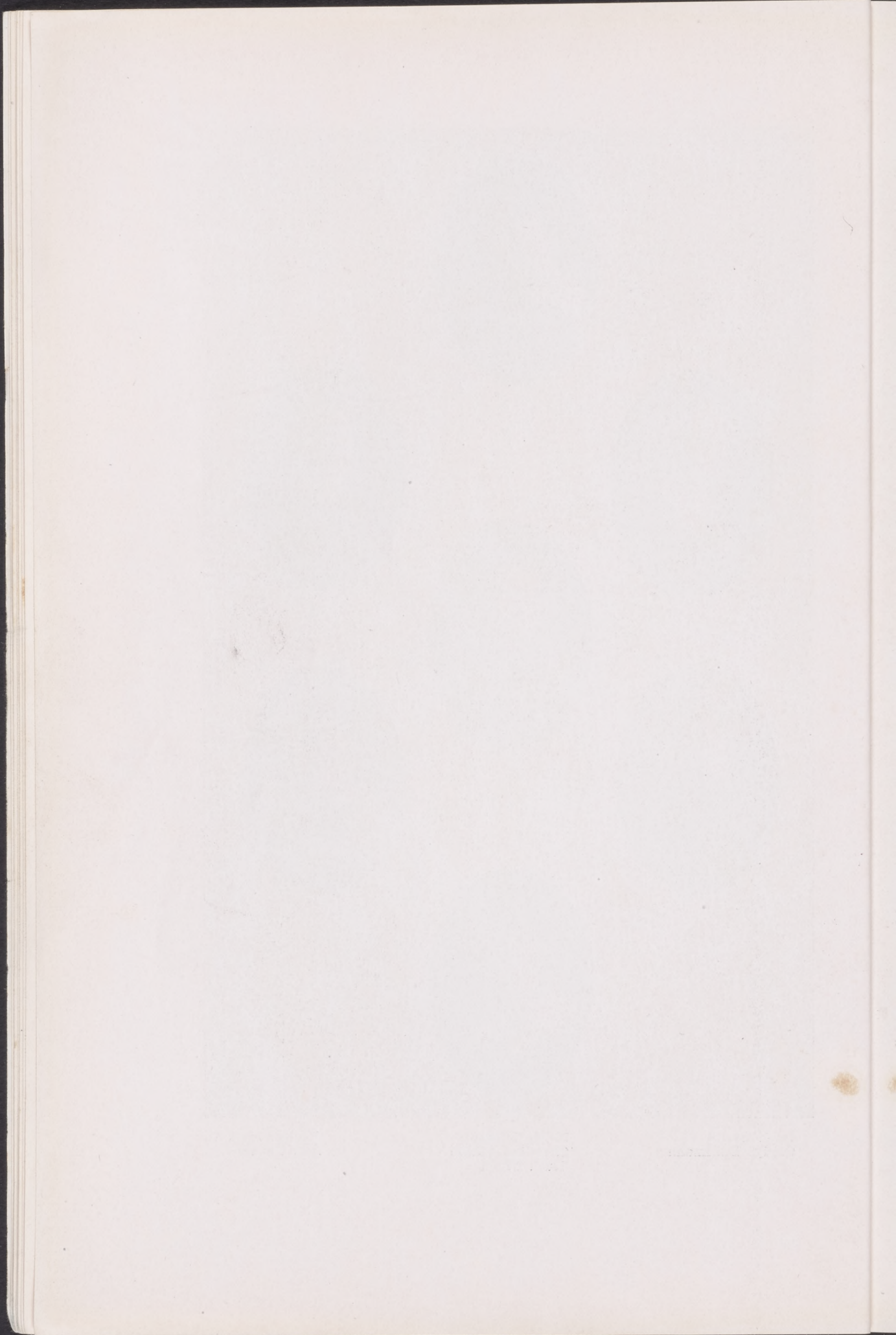




Dean Smith
Gladys Dahlmann

Nellie Nickson
Christina Liddle
Ruth Thom

Norton Keyt
Ada Turner

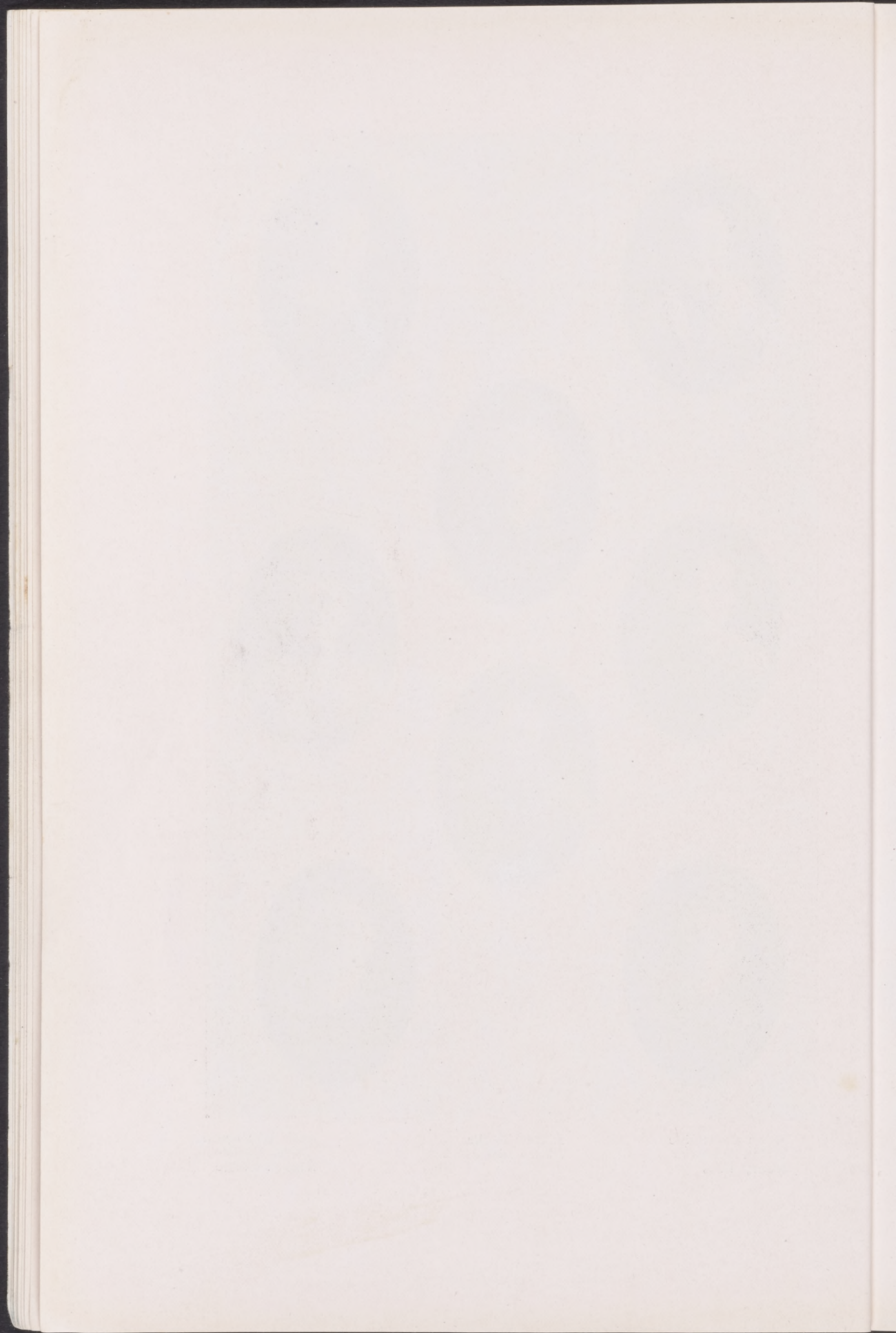




Susan Casterline
Vivian Burrows
Henry Doss

Elmer Starke
Nellie Lorentzen

Ruth Dahlmann
Wilma Rorden
Warren Dodge





Georgie Chamberlain
Esther Anderson

Jessie Benson
George Crozier

Agnes Matzen
Eva Wieling.



LITERARY





FACING THE ENEMY

(Prize Story)

A WAY in the heart of the Sierras, in one of the beautiful little mountain meadows, was the cabin of Alec Sinclair, where he lived with his wife and son. The boy, Alec, Jr., was a perfect specimen of young manhood, with muscles of iron and a face which spoke unmistakably of strength and kindness combined. He had received a fairly good education and was now helping his father, whose duty it was to see that the lakes of a prominent electric company were always full of water. It required endurance and bravery to travel through these lonely and dangerous mountains in winter and many were the times that he rejoiced in his strength.

He and his parents led a rather secluded life away from the outer world and it took many days for the daily happenings to reach them. So when America entered the war in April, they knew nothing about it until the middle of May, when Alec was at Cisco, one of the many supply stations he visited on his monthly report trip.

He immediately wanted to enlist and serve with the thousands of other young men of his country, because life was just beginning to call him from his common toil, and thoughts of seeing the world outside were growing within his heart. Not because he did not like the old home, or was tired of his work, but because he felt it was his duty to help his country, in whose most beautiful bosom he had lived so long, he desired to go; and when he reached home he thought long about the matter. He told his parents of his desire in a few days, however, and asked their opinion.

A gleam of pride came into his father's eyes as he placed a hand on his son's shoulder and said, "Alec, my boy, of course you can go; I'm glad that you want to."

Tears gathered in his mother's eyes and she hesitated a moment, but finally she said, "My son, it's your duty,—go, and God bless you."

So the next day Alec was off. As his father clasped his hand when he said good-bye, he gave him a small Bible, and opened to the fly leaf, on which was written,

"Keep your face to the enemy."

As he strode over the trail to the railroad, his heart was a little heavy, and, as he reached the top of the hill, he turned and looked for the last time at the old cabin. In the door stood his parents, his mother waving her bonnet and his father's hand upheld in salute. Then he waved his hat back, turned, and went down the other side of the divide, leaving the cabin and his parents behind.

As the train neared the large cities, he was amazed at the crowds of people and at the size of the buildings. When he sped across the Central States he wondered at the broad, flat fields of grain and corn, for his horizon had always been the sharp snow-clad peaks. On reaching New York he was sent to a large aviation school, having joined that branch of the service in Sacramento. After five months of training he was sent to France. No mishaps occurring on the way across the water, he soon landed on French soil, and was immediately sent to the front.

It was not long before he had downed his first German plane, and he felt justly proud of his deed. He was mentioned as one of the first American aviators to succeed in bringing an enemy plane to earth, and his parents read of his exploit as they sat by the fire one winter evening.

Sitting by themselves they often thought of Alec, and tonight as they sat by the fireside, the mother's eyes were lovingly resting on his portrait, and blinking to restrain the tears of love which tried to force their way. After a few moments she picked up an old sewing box which she had found during the day, took out two knitting needles and a ball of wool, and began to knit.

In a little while Alec Sinclair looked up from his paper and saw her busy with her work. It had been many years since she had knitted and the work did not progress very rapidly.

"What are you doing with them sticks?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Knitting," she answered, slowly.

"Knitting," he said, still puzzled, "What are you knitting for?"

"Why, for Alec. Don't you think he'd like a sweater?" she asked, and her eyes again sought the portrait.

"Over there" Alec was sitting in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts, talking to his comrades and telling the new-comers of his battle in the air. He had brought down ten German planes already, and had been awarded the medal of the Legion of Honor and two other medals for personal bravery. During the heavy fighting around Verdun he had done splendid work, and had received the rank of Captain Sinclair.

One morning, a short time later, he was flying in a machine that carried eight bombs, and came upon a German observation balloon, guarded by two planes. He immediately attacked them, and after very skillful fighting and dodging, he managed to destroy the planes. Then he attempted to capture the balloon without injuring it, but in doing so he failed to see two more German fliers coming behind him. When about 500 yards distant, they began to fire. He glanced quickly at his gasoline supply and his bombs, and noticed that the supply of both was low. However, he circled around toward the oncoming planes, and by good fortune was able to put one of them out of commission. But by this time his bombs were all gone, and he realized the hopeless-

THE ENTERPRISE '18

ness of his escaping now; nevertheless, determined to do his father's bidding, he headed straight for the remaining German, trying to force a collision and take the chances of reaching the ground alive.

But the gunner's aim was true, and a bullet hit him, causing his machine to swerve, lose its balance and crash to the ground. When he was picked up his first thought was for his Bible and he motioned to his rescuers to remove it from the pocket in his coat.

As they did so, his lips moved, and stooping nearer, these were the words that they heard faintly,

"Boys, send this home—and—keep me facing," his hand pointed to the front line of trenches, "there — and tell the folks that I died — game." Here his lips relaxed and a faint smile crept over his face as his eyes closed forever.

At home, in front of the fire, sat the old folks again; his father reading the paper and his mother still knitting the sweater.

"Alec, do you suppose that our boy is still facing the enemy?" said his mother, looking up from her work.

"Sure, he is," Alec answered, "He'll NEVER turn his back to ———." Here he stopped short and his face turned white as his eyes gazed wildly at the paper before him.

Then slowly, with a trembling finger, he pointed out the following lines in the Casualty List as he handed the paper to his wife:

DIED IN ACTION: Capt. Alec Sinclair. Killed in air combat with four German planes. Three planes destroyed before he was killed. His last words were, "Tell the folks I died game."

Tears filled both the parents' eyes as they read, and they sat looking long into the fire. Then slowly, with faltering steps old Alec Sinclair came over to his wife's chair and put his arm about her shoulders, and together they gazed at the picture of their boy.

At last he said, "Capt. Alec, my boy, we're proud of you; you kept your face to the enemy. God bless you, my son."

A few days later a small package came to the old couple. When they opened it, they found a small Bible, with a bullet hole in one corner, and this note:

"Capt. Sinclair received only one wound — in front."

Over there, Somewhere in France is a grave on the side of a hill which slopes toward the enemy, and on the grave at its head is the following inscription::

Captain Alec Sinclair,
He Still Faces The Enemy.

CHARLES WILSON, '19.

THE SLACKER

(Senior Prize Story)

THE snow was swirling down so thick that one could hardly see six feet ahead. It was miserably cold. The wind blew the icy flakes blindingly into the face of Paul Baxter, who, on his snow shoes, was floundering through the loose, unpacked drifts.

Paul was afraid, not of the snow and the forest, but of death. Less than a year ago he had been working on his father's farm in Michigan. The draft came, he was selected, and would have had to go to war, but he was afraid, so he slipped into Canada, bought some traps, supplies, and a gun, and penetrated the Northern wilds. Winter had not set in yet, so Paul hunted and fished, meanwhile going deeper into the wilderness.

During his northern journey he met Pierre Fontac. Pierre was also a trapper. One person gets very lonely during the long, cold winters of the north, so Pierre and Paul agreed to work and live together. They built their cabin and settled down for the winter, which was soon to come. They got their traps ready and then passed the time hunting and fishing.

One cold night Pierre said, "Tomorrow there will be snow. Soon we can get work."

Sure enough, the next morning the ground was covered with a white mantle. Winter had set in. In a week there was a foot of well packed snow on the ground and Pierre and Paul started out in opposite directions to set their traps. They planned their courses so that they would form semi-circles joining opposite the camp. Thus they would always return together from the tending of the traps.

Late that night they came in tired, but happy. They had seen many tracks that day and things looked hopeful for the coming winter.

The next day as they were lounging about camp waiting for time to bring results, a stranger appeared at the door. He explained that he had a camp further north, but that he had decided to go to war, and was on his way to enlist.

Paul thought that he had escaped all chance of hearing of the war, but apparently he had not.

As it had turned colder, the stranger decided to spend the night with them, much to Paul's displeasure. He had no liking for this person who reminded him of that which he was endeavoring to escape, so he crept into his bunk early.

The next morning when Paul awoke, he found Pierre and the stranger up. They were cooking breakfast and appeared to be in a hurry.

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"Paul," said Pierre after breakfast, "I had a talk with our friend last night and I have decided to go with him to war. Do you go with us?"

"I—no, I—I can't," faltered Paul.

"All right, I give you my traps. Good-bye," and swinging packs of provisions on their shoulders and taking their guns, Pierre and the stranger departed.

Paul stood in the door and watched them go. Finally they disappeared over a low hill. As he slowly turned to go in, the mournful cry of the timber wolf echoed through the woods. He was alone — alone in the North Woods.

The following morning Paul started out to make a round of his traps. Now that there was only one to do the work it would be much harder, so he decided to bring some of them in closer to camp. It would take at least two days to do this, so he took supplies with him.

Paul did not anticipate that the traps would be so well filled. His success led him to believe that perhaps it would be better not to move them. He therefore decided that when he reached the point where Pierre's course met his he would build a rough shelter, where he could store the pelts which he collected on the first half of his journey.

By the time Paul reset his traps and reached the halfway point, it was quite late. He now noticed for the first time that it was colder and that the sky was darkly overcast. After eating heartily of his supplies, he crawled in under some overhanging pine branches, rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep. To-morrow he would build his shack.

Late in the night he awoke. Snow was falling fast. The wind was whistling through the trees. It was miserably cold. The cry of the wolf again reached his ears. The sharp-fanged animals were getting hungry, now that the snow covered all the food. No, tomorrow he must not build his shelter; he must push on and save the furs in his traps from destruction.

In the morning it was still colder. The snow had piled up in large drifts and was still falling. Paul may have been afraid of death, but he was not afraid of hardships, so placing his furs high in a tree out of harm's way he pushed on. Anyhow it would be easier to keep warm by moving than by lying under a shelter.

Paul Baxter had never before been in a northern blizzard. His traps were filled, but he made poor progress that day, not covering half of the distance. It was still snowing and getting colder all the time. He could not stop now. If he did, it would mean certain death. He must keep on until he reached his camp. The cry of the wolf was much nearer to-night. Throwing away his coveted furs he struggled on, lighting matches that he might be able to read his compass and thus keep on the right trail. Behind, the wolf cry was becoming very clear and close. It was here that we first met Paul. It was all he could do to drag one

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foot after the other. His gun and a small pack of food were his only burdens. He could not stop to eat the food, so he threw it away.

Hark! The wolf cry was coming from the front now. Was he turned around? No, by his compass he was headed in the right direction. Presently green lights began to dance before his eyes and gray forms like those of ghosts to glide stealthily from tree to tree. Paul yelled. The lights and the forms disappeared, only to return. He raised his gun and fired. There was a snarl of rage and pain as one of the pack fell to earth, to be pounced upon and devoured by his hungry brothers.

Paul searched in vain through his clothes for cartridges with which to reload his gun. Then he remembered that his cartridges were in the package of food that he had thrown away. But he would keep his gun; he could use it for a club. It had almost stopped snowing now, but the cold seemed to be only intensified. Would he never reach camp? The green lights and the gray forms were soon done with their brother and they again confronted him.

Suddenly there loomed up through the darkness the form of a low hill, at the foot of which a cabin could be dimly seen. Paul gave a shout and stumbled on. The gray forms moved in closer, snarling and showing their white fangs. Should they let their prize escape? There was a distance of about three hundred feet between Paul and the cabin, but he was tired. It would be so pleasant to lie down in the soft snow and sleep.

The wolves were very close now. He could almost reach out and touch them with his gun. After all, they did not look so bad; they reminded him of his collie, Jack, — at home in Michigan.

Suddenly his snowshoe caught on a snow-covered branch. Paul Baxter, the slacker, stumbled and fell into a drift. There was a rush of gray bodies — followed by shrieks, snarls and the sound of crunching and tearing.

About five minutes later, a line of gray, dusky forms could be seen trotting over the hill in search of something else to appease their hungry appetites.

WALDO BROWN, '18.



JANE'S PA LOSES HIS APPENDIX

(Sophomore Prize Story)

NOW that it is out and bottled, and Jane has forgotten that she was a bit upset herself, it's only natural, perhaps, for her to act superior and say it is childish of me to blame Jane the Second. And, to tell the truth, it isn't easy for a father just home after three weeks in the hospital to nurse a grudge against his only child. But it seems to me that a girl of fifteen months old and with Jane the Second's advantages ought to be a little more thoughtful of other people.

Jane the Second has her crib in our bedroom on Jane's side where Jane can reach out and cover her up two or three times an hour during the night. I protested at the arrangement in the first place. A man who has to work hard at the office all day and has a touch of insomnia ought to be encouraged when he does try to sleep. I consider Jane the Second old enough to sleep in a room by herself. Jane explained to me that the nursery idea was derived from nurse, and that she didn't object if we could hire a competent one. When Jane takes that attitude I never act at all arbitrarily but try to weigh both sides of the argument fairly. I decided to ignore the insomnia. Jane is just human enough to add that with Jane the Second and the house, she is kept fairly busy most of the time herself. Jane's human nature is one of her most admirable characteristics, and there is hardly a day when I don't find new reasons to admire her.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Jane the Second had done her sleeping in the night like the rest of us. But when she insists on waking up and taking her exercise every morning at five o'clock, the only way I could get the prescribed eight hours of rest that are supposed to go with the other sixteen hours of work was to start undressing by 8:30 P. M. This hurried my supper and was bad for my digestion whenever I was a minute late getting home from the office. But fortunately I read in a Sunday paper that Napoleon and Sara Bernhardt and some other big ones never took more than four hour's sleep. Since then I've enjoyed myself.

To date, Jane the Second has refused to employ the cruder sounds of conventional speech, but has clung closely to the more primal tones of nature. Promptly at 5:00 A. M. she tests out her barnyard repertoire. Her rooster is a bit off color and she isn't satisfied yet with her cow, but she can make a noise like three sheep and a lost calf to perfection. There's no use trying to sleep after she starts in. Our room sounds too much like Wanamaker's toy department with only nine more shopping days before Christmas.

After making her livestock display, Jane the Second's next move is to demand a little reciprocal entertainment from me. Her favorite game is "Ride a Cockhorse to Bambury Cross", in which I am the cockhorse. I liked the game myself. I read of a man living to be a hundred by taking physical culture exercises in bed, and Bambury Cross fills all the requirements.

One morning about three weeks ago when Jane the Second had finished her pre-breakfast caper, I felt so invigorated I told Jane I'd show her a trick I'd once seen a vaudeville actor do. Jane advised me not to try it, but I insisted, and it would have been all right if Jane the Second had only kept her back stiff and her foot hadn't slipped off my knee. She struck feet first, right into the pit of my whole digestive organism. It makes me shiver yet when I think what would have happened if she had been big enough to wear high-heeled shoes.

I was able to eat a little dry toast and a cup of weak tea for breakfast, but by supper time food didn't interest me. Jane sent for old Dr. Hayden. He poked and pushed me around the bed with no apparent consideration for my feelings, and guessed appendicitis. Appendicitis! If I hadn't been a mighty sick man, that would have made me angry. I didn't know a thing about appendicitis and I didn't want to, but I knew well enough that appendicitis wouldn't have had the vogue it had a few years ago if it were as bad as my affliction. I suggested that it might be an internal injury and advised an X-ray examination but Doctor is opinionated and said he didn't interfere with my law and invited me to be as considerate of his profession. Of course I couldn't absolutely prove that he was wrong, so he went a step further and said that I'd have to have an operation. To satisfy me he sent up a friend of his, especially skilled in the art of surgery, to back him up. Dr. Johnson was a positive sort of an individual and not the sort of a man to go back on a friend, so he poked and pushed and listened, blood tested, and guessed appendicitis too. He advised Jane to keep me flat and take me to the hospital the next morning in an ambulance. I balked at the ambulance. It's too suggestive. Dr. Johnson said that many of his best patients rode in the ambulance and thought nothing of it. He assured Jane too that there was nothing to worry about as far as I was concerned, because less than one man in a thousand died of appendicitis anyway. But I'd like to know why she needn't worry! It would have been just my luck to have been the one! I was getting so I didn't like him at all, but when Jane the Second woke up just then and stuck her head up over the side of the crib to see what was going on, he was so appreciative and his remarks about her brightness showed so much good common sense that I began to feel better toward him. That and the way I felt where Jane the Second had landed, decided me, and I agreed to let him get at me the next morning.

I rather expected that Jane and I would stay awake most of the night talking over the past and planning for poor little Jane's future and what Jane ought to do with the insurance money. But Jane is so practical! She brought me a drink of water and tucked me in and gave me a good-night kiss and said that we must both get a good rest so that I would be in the best possible condition in the morning. Jane has such a blind faith in doctors and acted so calmly about it that I didn't want to appear weak and emotional. So I turned over and went to sleep. However, I wonder if we, as a people, aren't a little too flip-pant in these matters of life and death — particularly in a case like mine.

When I woke up I found that Jane had already been up two hours and had Jane the Second all fixed for the day and had made arrangements with Mrs. Baldwin, the woman who takes care of Jane the Second once in a while when we go out anywhere in the evening, to stay with her while I was in the hospital.

When the ambulance came, they took me downstairs on a stretcher that looked like a wicker-work coffin with low sides. I am not at all superstitious, but it seemed to me at the time that the hospital authorities might have had their coffin a little more cheerful — and they are absolutely careless of their employees. In going down stairs I slid down the coffin and nearly knocked the front bearer's head off with my feet. If they don't furnish straps, the thing at least ought to have had a lid.

Dr. Johnson was waiting for me at the hospital. He acted real bright, and cheerful and I tried to be cheery too for Jane's sake—until Dr. Johnson said it was the six hundredth time he had been called "a little cut-up."

They let Jane stay in the room with me until the ether began to work, and I guess that it is just as well she went, for Dr. Johnson told me afterwards that some way or other I got the impression that I was a merry May-pole and kept singing, "Gather Round Me, Girls," and then insisted on being crowned. Jane was in too nervous a condition to understand the spring-time spirit of a purely playful May-pole.

The next thing I remember was that it was almost morning — just getting light — and I thought I'd slip down and warm Jane the Second's milk before she or Jane woke up. But I had such a pain in my stomach and such a mixed-up variety of tastes in my mouth that I knew right off I was in for another of my attacks of indigestion. I had warned Jane of it only a few nights before when we had a hard-boiled egg salad for supper. I decided that I'd feel better if I got a drink of water but right there beside me was a strange woman with a cauliflower on her head reading a book! I couldn't see her face and every time I tried to get up she pushed me down again. I knew Jane wouldn't approve having strangers around like that, and I thought that I wasn't in any was responsible and that she needn't blame me. I realized that I had

to wake Jane up in some way or other if I was ever going to get rid of that cauliflour person, so I lay back quietly and drew two or three deep breaths on the sly and then yelled! That woman screamed and dropped her book right on the same spot that Jane the Second had selected to kick. I knew where I was then. No nurse could fool me after that. And that's another way I would improve their hospital. I wouldn't allow a single nurse with nervous tendencies on the place.

"Do you know where you are?" she asked me.

"Of course I do," I replied gasping with pain. "I'm in the Mercy Hospital and it's all I ask for."

"What are you here for?" she continued.

"It was appendicitis, but after that book you can expect complications."

"What's your name?"

This cross-examination was getting monotonous, and it struck me that nurses were an unduly curious lot, when the awful thought came to me that it might be for an obituary notice.

"I'm William H. Smith," I dictated, "Attorney-at-law, office in the Blake building. Residence 1114 Malden Avenue, 'phone number 1072-E. Age thirty-seven. Affiliations, Odd Fellows and First M. E. Church. And isn't there any hope?"

"You've come to," she decided with a queer look on her face and went out without even stopping to answer my question. How people can be so care-free in the midst of so many beds of pain I'm sure I don't know. And then Jane came in, and she was smiling too.

I felt that she ought to act a little less facetiously at a time like this when I couldn't taste anything but stale ether and when she might be a widow any minute. I realized that she little understood the real situation and I choked back two or three sobs before I could speak.

"Jane dear," I began, "it's hard after all these years, but——"

"I know, William, but I am so happy——"

"What for?" I demanded.

"Dr. Johnson said that it was the simplest case he'd ever operated on and that you would be out in record time."

"Of course, Jane, I'm glad you're glad," I replied just a little testily, and I couldn't help it, "but I guess I know a serious case when I have it myself."

Then the nurse came in and said that Jane would have to go out so I could go to sleep.

In the middle of the night I awoke with a start and realized that I was sinking fast. I pushed the button and told the night nurse to send for Jane, and anyone else who ought to be present.

"I'm dying," I explained as composedly as I could. I had heard that they put the new nurses on the night shift and I didn't want to unduly alarm her if she wasn't used to it.

"What of?" she asked frowning. I judged from her expression that they didn't like to have things like that happening in the night.

I pointed towards the general mass of bedclothes that covered me in the region of my stomach.

"Atrophy," I said accusingly.

"They've left a towel or a jackknife in there." I'd lost one of my first cases years ago when a client tried to get ten thousand dollars damages from a hospital, and I wanted her to understand I wasn't ignorant of their methods. "I am sinking away fast," I warned her. That stirred her up. She rushed out and back again a few times and took my temperature and pulse and then just when she might have been expected to do something, she stopped and calmly read my symptom chart through a couple of times. One hates to tell a lady to hustle, so I delicately tried to indicate my condition by groaning to myself. And she never moved. She read the chart through once or twice more and then asked me if I still felt bad.

"My dear young woman," I said severely, trying at the same time to control my temper, "if you're trying any New Thought business on me I warn you it won't work. This isn't softening of the brain; it's a towel."

She disappeared again and came back after a while with a tall glass of eggnog.

"I think," --- looking away --- "this eggnog will arrest disintegration and probably save your life."

And confound it, it did.

Though everybody seemed to be making light of my case, I saw well enough by their actions that I wasn't out of danger by a long shot. I had just got to sleep again when the night nurse woke me up to wash my face and hands and ask me how it felt. A few minutes later the head of the night shift came along and asked me if I felt better. Then the day nurse came on duty and brought in some flowers that had come to the hospital late the night before with a card wishing me a good-morning from Jane the First with lots of love from Jane the Second. And the day nurse wanted to know how I felt. Then the day headnurse stuck her head around the edge of the door and asked if everything was all right. The house surgeon came next and looked at the chart, and then Doc' Johnson came — with the whole crowd lined up behind him. I beckoned to him to leave his retinue and approach.

"Tell me the truth, Doc'," I whispered, "and I won't let out a whimper. Am I as bad as those folks think?" Doc' Johnson looked disgusted.

"Smith, I hope your wife and child don't know what a double-dyed fool they've got in their family. I've told you twice that your case was about half as deadly as the measles. This bunch" — he jerked his thumb at the row of white coats, caps and aprons standing at attention

— “has to parade around to satisfy the board of directors, and keep the patients cheerful.

I wasn't going to be put off that way.

“I noticed that they let that English suffragette out of jail to be operated on for appendicitis, and they considered it important enough to cable it to the United Press in this country. I tell you they take life a lot more seriously over there.”

“Oh, I don't know; we're pretty fair ourselves here in the United States, cheer up!”

Doc' Johnson may be the best surgeon in town, but somehow I like one who acts a little more sympathetic. When he went out he left his morning paper for me. I looked through the “Local Happenings” and learned that I was getting along very well and would be out in a few days, my case having been very mild. And right on the same page under “Foreign News” I read:

VICTOR HERBERT OUT OF DANGER

Victor Herbert, the American composer, who was operated on Saturday for appendicitis, was much better in London yesterday. The doctors are of the same opinion that the crisis has passed.

Certainly the English show a depth of feeling that we more volatile Americans might do well to emulate.

Jane came every day and read to me and brought me flowers and messages from Jane the Second and told me everything that was happening and how glad she was my case wasn't as bad as hers had been. Doc' Hayden wouldn't let her bring Jane the Second out on the street-cars, because there was so much whooping cough in town. I naturally wanted to see her, and I especially wanted to make her feel that I didn't hold her entirely responsible for my catastrophe — she's such a sensitive little thing. Besides, it would have been a satisfaction to have seen someone who either hadn't had appendicitis or else wasn't glad to hear that my case had been a simple one.

Even our office-boy, who brought out some papers for me to sign, had had appendicitis “three or four years ago and it wasn't so bad,” and instead of acting sympathetic he spent his time telling me about the five serious operations his father had had for something or other, and about the time his sister had her tonsils cut out and all about his grandfather's present ailments. And I couldn't get a word in edgewise. I've always said that boy wouldn't succeed.

On the day they said I could go home Jane planned to come for me in a taxicab at 4:30. I felt so fine I decided to take her and Jane the Second by surprise by coming home alone. I ordered the taxicab an hour earlier. As the machine turned into our street I saw old Mr. Marrly, who isn't well enough to do anything except to walk up and down Malden avenue keeping himself posted on doings of the street. He always gets on my nerves, but somehow a home coming wakens unusual senti-

ments in my breast, so I stuck my head out of the window and waved to him. I was in a hurry but when he beckoned to me to stop I ordered the chauffeur to draw up to the curb.

"Welcome home. Mr. Smith," he cackled. "You're a regular member now."

"How's that?" I asked stiffly. Taxicabs always have that effect on me.

"Why, you're the thirty-eighth case on this street in the last sixteen years. I was number one."

Before I could tell the chauffeur to drive on, one of our neighbors, Mrs. Bordman came along dragging her little Geraldine by the wrist.

"Well, Mr. Smith, I see your case wasn't so bad as the papers made out at first," She congratulated me---more and more I find that Jane's first impression of people are not far from wrong. "Now when I had mine taken out, I simply decided that it was a good thing to have done, so after I got rested from the Spring Festival I just got on a car and went down and had it out. People make so much fuss about such things, but as soon as Geraldine is a little older.-----"

I nodded to the chauffeur.

I was all excited when I reached the house and rang the bell. I could hear Jane hurrying to the door, and Jane the Second was shouting from the dining room. Jane opened the door.

"William!" She acted almost disappointed.

"Aren't you glad-----"

"Why of course, Goose,"-----she kissed me,----"But I had planned to stop at Crother's"----they live on the affluent side of Malden Avenue-----"to ask Mrs. Crothers to contribute to the Red Cross Fund,"-----Jane's great on Red Cross,---"and a taxicab doesn't cost a bit more for two. It wouldn't have taken five minutes."

And she never asked me how I felt. I started for the dining room. I had been thinking of Jane the Second all that way home. It would be sweet to show her how deep and lasting a father's forgiveness can be. As I entered the room, Mrs. Baldwin, who was still staying with Jane lifted Jane the Second out of her fence and she came staggering across the room on her own feet! In the thrill of fatherly pride I forgot I was a convalescent and dropped on my knees and held out my hands welcomingly. Instead of flinging herself into them and snuggling against my bosom she stopped short and deliberately sat down on the floor and stared at me. She looked me over and decided that I was a stranger.

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"Oh! Ooh'." she called and pointed at her mouth.

"She has ten," announced Jane. "And you haven't even mentioned her walking," she added reproachfully.

* * * * *

Just then the door bell rang. It was the postman.

Punctual on the first quarter, Doc' Johnson had presented his bill. I took one good look and handed it to Jane.

"I wouldn't pay it," she exclaimed. It's outrageous for such a case. Why he said it was the simples——"

"We'll pay it," I decided. I knew the law. And it was one grand satisfaction to know somebody took my case seriously.

MARTHA HELENA TEACH, '20.



OUR FLAG

On the battlefields of Europe
O'er the trenches "over there."
High esteemed by all who view it,
As it flutters in the air.
Noted long in song and story,
Over land and over seas,
Our renown, beloved "Old Glory"
Flings its folds unto the breeze.

Brighter still those stars shall glimmer
As the ages pass away.
And our "liberty forever"
Never shall in dust decay.
For they who made that banner,
And first raised it up on high,
Vowed while liberty still reigned
"That flag should never die."

Neath those folds have foes been conquered
Freedom granted to the slave.
While the Union "one forever,"
'Neath those stars and stripes was made.
Brave men-heroes for their country,
And because they loved it true;
Gave their lives in deadly battle,
Bringing liberty to you.

Never shall it lack defenders;
Never shall it be torn down
From the ramparts where they raised it,
In its first great world renown.
But beloved and honored ever,
It shall never cease to be
The glory of the grandest flag
That waves o'er land and sea.

HAZEL PHILIPS, '19.

THE ADVENTURE OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE

SILAS JONES lived on the third floor of an apartment house in New York. One evening, as he sat in his armchair after a hard day's work, he was very much puzzled. For a week he had been missing small articles from his rooms. First his cane had gone, then a small mirror, the day before his cigarette case had disappeared and now his scarf pin could not be found. Hunt as he would, not one of the missing articles could he locate. Every morning as he left for work he locked the doors and window, but still his belongings continued to disappear. He began to think of calling in the police, but at last gave up the idea and went to bed.

The next morning his razor was gone from its accustomed place. His search was unrewarded and at last he seized his hat and coat and rushed forth to face the ordeal of a glib-tongued barber. By the time he reached his work he had determined to notify the police that some thief was helping himself to his belongings. At noon he started to find a police station, but on the way purchased a paper, which he read as he ate his lunch.

As he rose to leave, an advertisement caught his eye and an idea was born in Silas Jones' head. That evening he sought the address given in the advertisement and when he left the little shop he carried a bundle under his arm. Nothing had been disturbed in his room and after he had eaten he proceeded to open the box. However he soon put it away and went to bed.

The next morning his monogrammed comb and brush was gone. Silas went to work as usual, but secured a short vacation before going home, on the plea of ill health.

When he awoke next morning a small gold picture frame was missing and there was no sign of any one's having entered the room. However, Silas smiled wisely and taking his box went into another room. In a short time a man came out with a small beard and mustache, soft hat and gray clothes. This man carried a small bag and later in the day engaged the rooms under those occupied by Mr. Silas Jones.

In the afternoon this man, with a few motions, became Silas Jones, without beard or mustache. But in the evening he disguised himself once more and stopped the landlady as she passed his door. He gave her a note, which he said had been given by the man who lived in the rooms above. This note explained that Silas had left the city on important business and would not be back for some time.

Instead of going to bed, our disguised friend extinguished the light and seated himself by the window which opened on the fire escape.

He had determined to solve for himself the mystery of the missing articles. He listened for steps in the room above and now and then stepped out on the fire escape to see if a light shone in the window. But the night passed uneventfully and Silas lay down to rest for the next night's watch, more puzzled than ever.

At nine o'clock next night he crept up the fire escape and fastened two fine silk threads across the window, so that whoever attempted to get into the room must break the threads. Then he returned to his room below and seated himself by the window. Midnight came and no one had entered the room above. Lower and lower sank Silas' head and soon he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was nearly morning, so he climbed the fire escape to the window where he had placed the threads. To his amazement both were broken and the window was slightly open.

He stood for a time gazing at the broken threads and then raising the window he stepped inside. By the dim light of the rising sun he discerned that his silver mounted clothes brush was gone from its place on his dresser. Nothing else was disturbed and Silas hastened down again before any one should see him. Here he began to pace up and down in deep thought, idly twirling his false mustache. Suddenly at an extra hard twist it came off in his hand. Turning about he raised his arm to hurl the disguise out of the window. But as he turned he saw a man dressed in a dark suit of clothes and a cap pulled well over his eyes going down the fire escape. Silas leaped to the window as the stranger touched the ground. He carried a canvas bag, which gave forth a clinking sound.

Seizing his hat Silas rushed down the stairs, reaching the sidewalk in time to see the other man turn the corner. Silas walked quickly endeavoring to keep him in sight, but at length the man hailed a taxi gave the driver a few directions and stepped in. But Silas was not to be foiled. He called another taxi and getting in told the chauffeur to keep the other machine in sight. They rushed off, turning in and out, almost stopping at times, then rushing on. The meter kept adding up and Silas began to fear he would have to get out and walk before all his money was gone.

Suddenly they stopped and he got out, for the stranger had gone into a building. The taxi driver demanded five dollars, which Silas paid with a grim smile, for he felt sure that the stranger was the person who had entered his room. Over the door of the house the man had entered was a sign which read, "Mrs. O'Brien's Boarding House." Silas entered and went up a narrow flight of stairs to a dark hall. He reached the second flight in time to see the man at the top of the stairs, but by the time he got there the thief was not in sight. As Silas reached the third flight he turned and saw the man run out of a room half way down the hall. He darted after him, tripped over a small boy, who

had come out of a doorway, and rolled the length of the stairs, bumping his head several times.

The boy set up a howl of fright which brought his mother to the door. Seeing what had happened she let fly her rolling pin, which caught Silas on the head as he was getting to his feet and down he went again. When he got to his feet the second time the voice of Mrs. O'Brien filled his ears, "There ye varmint, I'll teach ye to run through me house knockin' over me child and tearing the carpet off the stairs. Now he off wid ye or I'll call the police."

Silas began to hobble down the hall, gently touching the bruises on his head. Seeing nothing of the stranger he started slowly home, but about two blocks from the O'Brien Boarding House the thief stepped from a cigar store, still carrying the canvas bag. Silas quickened his steps, grasped him by the shoulder and said, "You are under arrest for stealing small articles from my apartment house in Blank street." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am a detective," replied Silas, "And you had better come with me."

For an answer the thief said to a policeman who stood near by, "Arrest this man, John, he thinks I am a burglar."

Silas' beard had come loose and the officer, with a quick jerk, pulled it off. "Why the disguise?" said he, beginning to think Silas crazy. "I — I," stammered Silas, now feeling faint, "Why some one was taking my belongings and I thought I would try to catch him."

"Well, this man is no thief, for I know him well; he is a plumber. You had better call at a police station and let a real detective take over your case."

"Yes, I'm a plumber," spoke up the man, "I was working in an apartment house in Blank street when I had to leave for some tools that were in my room and then you began to follow me."

"Excuse me," meekly muttered Silas, backing away, "I thought you were a thief."

When he reached his apartment house he went to his former room, now having to use for the other. As he entered, whom should he see but an old friend, who had gotten a key from the landlady, and was making himself at home. Silas was so disappointed with his detective work that he told the whole story then and there. After a hearty laugh at Silas' expense, his friend said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Well maybe I can clear up this mystery if you will give me a little time."

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The next morning Silas reached for his shoes, but found as he would he could not find them. Arousing his guest he told him of the missing shoes.

"Go and look on top of that wardrobe, Silas, and see what you find," smiled his friend. On top of the wardrobe lay all the missing things.

"But how" — began Silas.

"Why you walked in your sleep and hid things yourself. Last night I saw you put your shoes up there. You probably came up the fire escape and broke the threads yourself."

"Well, I never," gasped Silas as he took down the things, "I didn't think I ever walked in my sleep, but I guess this scare will keep me from doing it any more. Never again will I try to do detective work on my own account."

ANDREW DONOGH, '21.



TEN DOLLARS REWARD

THE first day of the Christmas holidays dawned inauspiciously for Marjorie. To be exact, it didn't dawn — it simply grew a little less dark, and then the rain began to fall. It was pouring by the time Marjorie had come down to breakfast.

"Oh dear!" she sighed to her mother, "why couldn't it be a nice day for *once*? Edith and Marion and I planned to go after Christmas berries."

Perceiving that her mother had not heard, being engrossed with a story that Curtis was telling, she vengefully attacked her grape-fruit and said nothing more.

"Yes sir!" her brother was saying gleefully, "The fellows thought they could get away with it, but I was too clever for them. I'll cheerfully give ten dollars to any man, woman or child who can pull a practical joke on *me*!" Then he excused himself, kissed his mother good-bye and affectionately pulled a lock of Marjorie's curly hair in farewell salute.

"Conceited thing!" said Marjorie wrathfully, as she smoothed the offending curl into place, "I'll bet *I* could play a practical joke on him!"

"You might try," smiled her father, "you have three weeks vacation ahead of you, and you'll have to have something to do."

After lunch, the rain had somewhat abated, and Marjorie went up to her room, and crossing to her bureau, took out a red flag on a stick, which she hung out of her window. Before fifteen minutes had elapsed there were two other girls in front of the fire in Marjorie's pretty room, where she received certain privileged friends.

"Why the signal Marj?" asked the smaller of her visitors, a pretty girl with golden hair.

"Well Curt said at breakfast this morning, that he was armor-proof against practical jokes, and that he'd give ten dollars to any person who succeeded in playing one on him. I think we could have loads of fun on ten dollars. What do you think?"

"Oh yes, that part's all right," answered Marion, "but how do you propose to *get it*?"

"That's what the signal was for. I want you two, to help fix up the scheme."

For some minutes the three heads were close together, and many plans were suggested and rejected. Finally with a good deal of giggling and whispering, they decided on a definite course of action. For the next hour and a half they planned the details of their undertaking. Mrs. Walker opened the door once to speak to Marjorie. She saw the three girls, their faces eagerly alert, the fire casting a warm light on

the golden hair and the brown. It seemed a pity to disturb them, so she softly closed the door and left them together.

At two o'clock of the next day, as Curtis Walker was sitting in his law office, the door marked "Private" was opened, and a young lady, heavily veiled was ushered in. As she said nothing, Curtis politely offered her a chair and asked what he might do for her.

"I came in answer to your advertisement," she said hesitantly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your advertisement — Aren't you Mr. Curtis Walker, the lawyer?"

"Certainly, Miss ——?" "Case," she supplied. "Well didn't you advertise for a wife in the "Morning Post?"

"What!" Curtis jumped to his feet so quickly that she drew back timidly and looked nervously toward the door.

"Pardon me, Miss Case. There is some mistake here. I did not"—

The door opened to admit a young lady wearing a thick veil, who came unhesitatingly toward Curtis and held out her hand.

"Mr. Walker, I *knew* you'd be handsome! I'm *so* glad I've answered your advertisement. I'm sure we will be admirably suited to each other. I'm May Johnson."

Curtis' face grew red. His five years at college had not cured that "beastly habit of getting red when I'm fussed!"

"Miss Johnson, I fear that you and Miss er-Case are jesting. I—really — I don't know what you mean."

The timid Miss Case came forward. "Miss Johnson," she said icily, "I have already answered Mr. Walker's advertisement. Sorry to disappoint you, but fortunately I arrived first."

"Nonsense" answered the other briskly "I've as much right as you —".

The door opened and in came a slip of a girl with golden hair, showing under her dense blue veil. She was dressed in excellent taste, and her small French hat was worn with the air of a queen.

She saw the other two ladies and stopped. "Oh," she said looking at Curtis, "If you are busy I can wait. I came in answer to your advertisement in the "Morning Post."

"Madame, I——"

"Certainly," said Miss Johnson haughtily, "Mr. Walker is right I have answered his advertisement."

"Yes," said the timid Miss Case with a hint of the approaching storm of tears in her voice, "After *I* came! You are trying to take advantage of me! I won't have it! You—I—oh!" her voice caught.

The third arrival came over quite close to Curtis, "Let them quarrel," she said her hand on his arm, "You and I don't care, *do* we — Curtis?" There was a little note to her voice that sounded like the tinkling of tiny bells.

Curtis looked wildly from the sobbing Miss Case to calm, cold May Johnson, and then at the daintily gloved hands on his arm.

"Ye gods!" he burst forth, "What are you talking about? *I* didn't advertise for a wife in the 'Morning Post' or anything else!" He reached the door in one bound, and flung it open, upsetting the office boy and his stenographer. He closed it hastily and turned back to the women.

By this time the shoulders of the self confident Miss Johnson were shaking and Miss Case was dissolved in tears.

The little blonde with the lilt in her voice came over to him.

"Oh—h!" she said with a queer note in her voice. Her hand went to her mouth under the thick blue veil. (Good Heavens! was *she* going to cry too?) Curtis sank into his office chair and stared at them.

The Senior Partner of the firm opened the door and with one startled glance he took in the three sobbing women, and the thoroughly stupefied Curtis, and beat a hasty retreat.

"Here!" gasped the bewildered Curtis, "It's all a mistake. Somebody please explain!"

Then the clever Mr. Walker was startled to hear an explosion of laughter from the three veiled ladies. The timid Miss Case rocked back and forth, waving her arms. The dignified Miss Johnson was draped over one of the office chairs too weak to do more than gasp, and the sweet-voiced blonde was tearing off her blue veil in a vain attempt to get her breath.

"Edith Goodrich!" he stammered, when her face was revealed and turning to the other two, he beheld in the erstwhile timid Miss Case, his sister Marjorie, leaning weakly against Marion Morris for support.

"Why you —!" Curtis' face turned a brick red. "Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

"I think, Curtis," said Marjorie, "that you'll have to admit we succeeded! Do you remember saying at breakfast yesterday" — she drawled.

Curtis reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills.

"I — I'll make it fifteen, Marjie dear, (here the girls winked knowingly at each other) and of course you — er — won't say anything about this at home, or — Run along dear, I've got to see the Senior Partner!"

That night at dinner, Curtis studiously avoided Marjorie's eye. When the dessert had been served Marjie carelessly remarked.

"Oh Curt, dear, did you see that advertisement in the 'Morning Post——'"

Curtis choked over his ice cream, got up suddenly and left the table.

Mrs. Walker looked wonderingly after her son, and Marjorie murmured sympathetically,

"Poor boy, I guess he swallowed something!"

DOROTHY JEAN MOTT, '19.

THE INTERCLASS MEET

Pencil in hand, he made his notes
E'er the student body began
To-morrow is interclass, he wrote,
And all must come out who can.
Little and big will run in the race
Upon that track so fine.
Much is expected of Haskell's pace,
Althought Arfsten can go like the wind.

Here he stopped, as his name was called
In a moment he was up.
Go to the meet, he urged them all,
Help win the loving cup.

So on the morrow, to the big oval track
Came the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs.
Help for these teams there was no lack
Objections there were by the Freshs.
Off went the pistol, and off went the boys
Like an arrow, they sped in the dash.

In shouts and cheers the crowd made noise,
Nielson had won in a flash.
Then came the polevault, and discus throw.
Even the Freshmen tried.
Reynaud made that discus go
Clear beyond the others' side.
Late in the day the mile was run,
Announced in the programme last;
Smith came in first, just for fun.
Seniors had them all outclassed.
Many times the Freshmen sighed,
Emblematic of defeat,
Elsewhere all was joy and pride,
The Seniors won the meet.

CARROLL LEONARD, '18

A COWARD?

A Story Based on a True Narration

FRANKLIN PIERCE was American by parentage, but British by birth. He had gone to English schools, mingling and playing with sturdy English boys; but because he hated to lose and wouldn't "come out and fight," he had from early childhood been called a coward.

Time wore on, associations changed; but when the call "To Arms" sounded Franklin Pierce had passed it by, afraid to answer it. But one day he was drafted and another day found him "Somewhere in France." In France they called him "yellow," and no one liked him. He was afraid of the "cooties" of the dark, of everything, in fact, that either lived, existed, or just "was" in France.

One night he was put on sentry duty. Every once in a while the Boches sent over a shell or two to let the Tommies know they were awake. At every shot, Franklin bit his lip, gripped his rifle more securely and prepared himself for a quick retreat.

A heavy fog began to settle over No Man's Land. It was Sunday evening. Franklin's thoughts wandered to his mother, his father and his truest playmate, his sister. He thought of the little church with its drowsy lights. Suddenly he seemed to hear his mother's voice singing to the accompaniment of the old organ.

"Jesus will be with me,

Why should I fear?"

And his sister's voice, clear and strong,

"Danger cannot reach me."

Just then his ears caught the sound of a snapping wire. His fellow sentry whispered in his ear, "Hear them — Boches. Shall I give 'em a few star-bombs?"

"No, no" Franklin was all excited. "No, no, they've come after prisoners. Let us capture them."

They waited in strained silence, for an eternity, it seemed. Franklin slipped back for four more volunteers. He returned with them and just as the Boches had passed through the wire, the English, led by the "Coward" fired. A few Mill bombs were exchanged, and after a brief struggle several Germans were captured.

The relief sentry had arrived and the fellows who had captured the would-be capturers were ready to turn in, when someone said,

"Where's Yellow Skin?"

"He answered call," replied another.

"Where's Scott?"

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"He didn't answer." This remark was followed by a grim silence. Suddenly it was broken by a barking "cou-cough."

From "over the top" came the "Yellow-Skin", bearing on his back one of his comrades. The damp fog had pierced his lungs and a hacking cold had set in.

"He was out there. His brother's there, too. He wants him. Here come the stretchers."

"Why, man, you can't go back there. You're all in!" claimed some one. "I'll go."

"A man! Why, man!" Franklin was thinking, and added aloud, "Yes, I'll go. You see, I know where he is," and back over the top into No Man's Land, he went. Shrapnel was bursting over his head, An occasional bomb found its way there to make shell holes. The fog was so thick that the bombs were hardly seen, over the other side.

Groping, blindly, carefully, creeping cautiously yet fearfully through the dense fog and dodging the shrapnel, at last the "Coward" arrived at the place where a form was lying. Feeling the hands for the ring and ascertaining its distinctive marks, Franklin confidently put his burden on his back and began the tedious, dangerous journey back to the trench.

Dawn began to break through the fog before Franklin arrived safely at the trench. At last reaching his company, he sank exhausted on the damp floor when relieved of his burden.

The stretcher bearers came and took him away.

In the hospital the fever set in, burning him. In his delirium he would cry, "Was it Joe? Did I get Joe all right?" The gentle nurse would soothe each outburst.

One day the Honorable Service medal was pinned on his heart by the Captain. Over his fever-sunken cheeks great tears began to roll. Around the cot were some of his comrades.

"I'm so proud and happy. I'm glad I got Joe in. He called me "Yellow" the first day I came here." A fit of coughing seized him and after its ravages he sank wearily against the pillows. Gradually he seemed to be leaving the War and the World. A smile came over his face. "I'm so glad I could do it," and Franklin the Coward had gone, happy to have died a soldier's death.

His friends bowed their heads in solemn reverence. How could they have told him that Joe had come in minus his head?

SUSAN CASTERLINE, '18.

THE FIRST FEW PAGES OF MY VACATION DIARY

"Somewhere in the Santa Cruz Redwoods."

June 20, 1917.

WE struck camp yesterday evening. Is it really I camping here in the redwoods? I can hardly realize it! I'll wager Mother's worrying about her three girl campers, already. We're all here yet though; I counted over everybody solemnly this morning.

June 21, 1917.

Oh, Oh, Oh! I was so frightened last night! I was awakened by a stealthy, crackling noise in the hazel brush outside the tent. I was simply paralyzed with fear. The heavy breathing of the animal (for animal I was sure it was) was heartlessly audible. Lions, tigers, panthers, wild cats ---had no place in my imagination. Had I not known that the elephants were safe in the tropics and the zoos, I should have guessed wildly that the noises outside were caused by an elephant. That this may not seem strange let me tell you that I am more afraid of an elephant, than anything else I can think of at present. Even had I known that the intruder was an ichneumon, I should have been less frightened, for it was the uncertainty, you see, that was slowly but surely killing me. Now, added to the breathing and tramping sounds were those of munching and chewing! So, with the courage of desperation, I decided to unpin one of the dozens of safety pins securing the tent flaps, with the sole idea of "taking a peek." Do not credit me with bravery! The hole was such a very tiny one. In the bright moonlight, I soon spied the object of my consternation. Standing several feet from the tent, the great animal was calmly munching hazel brush. It was a cow! My emotion overcomes me! I cannot continue.

June 22, 1917

We went up to visit Sing, this morning. Sing cooks for the Italians who make redwood ties. It was his cow, that frightened me so much last night. When I told him about it, I tho't he was going to choke, he laughed so heartily, and then as if in atonement, he contritely offered me a pie. Not caring for oriental pies, I refused his generous offer.

O, yes! I nearly forgot the sulfur spring. We discovered it on our way up to the camp. We realized that we were coming to something, long before we arrived. O, ye subtle perfumes of dusky Arabia! It was a particularly healthy sulfur spring, and it bubbled and laughed

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quite as any other little spring. But the odor and taste of that water, were positively repulsive. I honestly think that it must be polluted with concentrated ancient egg. The girls say that unless I take my turn at camp cooking, they are going to compel me to drink two glasses of sulfur water before breakfast every morning. If they persist I have a singularly wicked plan to operate. You know there are just loads of water snakes in the creek down here and---but that would be telling. P. S. I cooked dinner today.

June 23, 1917

What do you suppose wandered into camp today? A great large maltese cat! The others had gone for a hike and so the duties of hostess fell to me. I searched my brain for a pretty name, and finally decided upon, "Peter." Having feasted upon bread and canned pears, he is now sitting regarding me with great green-grey eyes. Peter isn't beautiful esthetically, because his head is so noticeable triangular.

June 24, 1918

I'm so tired-tired-tired-too tired to live. We hiked to the top of Gibb's mountain today. We started about five o'clock leaving the fog enveloped valleys and canyons below, as we literally climbed out of the fog into sunshine. To watch the sun rise from behind the Santa Cruz range this morning, was a sight for the gods. To the left, just above the distant hills, hung great fog banks. The sun, rising tinted the fog masses with most exquisite shades of rose, topaz and violet. The hills stretching from the one which we were climbing to those in the distance, were covered with the characteristic blue-green of the California redwoods. Here and there a noble, awe-inspiring giant Sequoia lifted its majestic heights to the infinite reach of heaven, towering above the redwoods about it, themselves tributes to Nature. Again it was a great pine, dusky and somber in striking relief against the brilliant background of the eastern sky.

The path which we pursued up the mountain, was lined on either side with hazel brush displaying unusually large, ripening nuts. Not stopping to gather any, we snatched them feverishly as we climbed. Upon reaching the end of our two mile walk we were rewarded with a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Many years ago, strange as it may sound, there was a summer colony at the top of the mountain. At present a distant relative of the former owner, acts as caretaker for there are still many cottages and other buildings in evidence. The caretaker and his son are Castilian Spaniards, as they took evident delight in relating to us. The young Senor de la Rosa was singularly attentive, and conducted us over the entire resort, offering us fruit and berries from his garden and ice-cold water from the old well. In the dance pavilion we were both surprised and delighted to see a beautiful old Webber piano that came around the Horn. The keys of creamy ivory,

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were worn round at the corners with much usage. Standing in the dimly lighted corner of the old hall, with the dust of ages upon it and the air of romance about it, it was indeed an interesting study. When Senor de la Rosa asked that I play, I was almost afraid to touch the beautiful instrument, whose harplike tones were the sweetest I have ever heard. From the little observatory, situated at the highest point of the mountain (about 1700 feet) we were able to see Monterey, and the Pacific. Two ranges of mountains were plainly visible and an ocean fog in the distance resembled a third. We took a panoramic snap shot from the observatory. A series of triangulations was pointed out to us. Do you know what triangulations are? I'm sure I don't. One of our neighbor's babies had strangulations once.

NANETTA ADAMS, '18.



THE ENTERPRISE

Published Annually by the Student Body of the Petaluma High School

VOLUME XXX

PETALUMA, CAL.,

NO. 1

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Jessie Filippini Assistant Editor

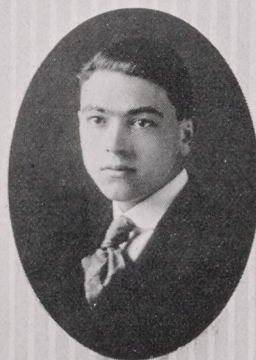
DEPARTMENTS

Literary Nanetta Adams
School Notes and Organizations Mabel Harrington
Daily Egg Carroll Leonard
Commercial Ruth Thom
Exchanges Waldo Brown
Honor Roll Pearle Leonard
Snap-Shots Harold Rorden
Athletics Henry Reynaud
Joshes Roy Penry

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Howard Kalish
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Jesse Benson

Hall Woodworth
Ruth Thom

Harold Rorden
Pearle Leonard
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EDITORIALS

OUR SCHOOL

WHEN we speak of "Our Country" and "Our Flag" we thrill with patriotism and pride, indeed, what American does not? When we glance at "Old Glory's" stars and stripes waving in the breeze, unconsciously, we elevate our heads a trifle higher, and whisper to ourselves there is no flag like that which floats 'over the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Can we not extend and practice a similar spirit in our school life? Can we not express pride and affection for "Our School?" Can we not manifest a high and enthusiastic school spirit?

Deep down in all our hearts, along with patriotism and Americanism is instilled love and pride for "Our School." Let us show this school spirit in every way. In our daily work and play, in our studies, in our school activities of various kinds, let us be imbued with a true, unselfish school spirit. Let us banish from our minds petty and personal disappointments and trials. Let us be generous and self-less. Let us stretch a hand to the other fellow. Let us be comrades, working in harmony and unison. Let us be good sportsmen.

If we lose, let us smile, for failure only makes success the brighter.

If we succeed, let us smile, for we know the best man always wins.

But above all, let us keep before us an ideal, true school spirit. And when we see the purple and white of dear, old P. H. S. waving in triumph on the field of victory, let us thrill with pride and joy in-----
"Our School."

THE issuance of this number of The Enterprise signifies that the class of 1918 of the Petaluma High School will soon be rewarded for its diligence in the completion of the four-year high school course. These four years have witnessed variable successes as indicated by the number who have remained to receive the coveted reward; at the same time these four years of preparatory training are deeply significant of future possibilities for each member of the graduating class. To a considerable extent each one has determined the success he has achieved; each one has set the goal of conquest to be reached.

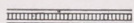
The ideas and ideals which you cherish at this time mean much to your country's welfare. In the world struggle of today many of you may be called to participate. Some of you may be called to the front-line trenches, others to the base-hospitals, others to remain at home to

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do your part in making final success possible. Wherever you go, in whatever activity you enlist, set your standard high. Some of you will continue your studies at the University, others will begin immediate business careers.

The world is before you. Your future is in your hands. Your receipts will correspond to your capacity and service. From one year's observation I have every expectation that the 1918 graduating class will reflect credit and honor upon the Petaluma High School.

R. F. NYMAN.



THE HONOR ROLL

I. The Emblem.

Petaluma High School has an honor roll represented by a service flag. What is that service flag? Is it a piece of cloth containing artistically arranged colors, a red border and a white field, dotted with stars of blue?

II. The Man.

It could be regarded that way only by a thoughtless person. Every one who gives matters more consideration than a mere gaze at the surface, sees in every star, a man. He sees a man, once an attendant of our high school, but now serving a bigger cause. That man has given up home and happiness, and gone to serve a nation. And when he signed his name promising to do that duty, he realized that he might never return.

III. The Cause.

For every act there is a cause. Why is that man fighting for the United States now?

It is because there exists on this earth today, a nation, not "conceived in liberty" and not "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." That nation, the name of which the world abhors, is dominated by an iron hand. Its people are brought up by the despotical machine which rules them, to believe that they are the flowers of the earth, that all other men are the weeds, and that it is their duty to do whatever they can that will tend to annihilate and destroy those weeds.

Since that nation is trying to follow out that attitude today, we must conquer it, and remove from the earth the greatest barrier to the advancement of mankind.

As for us, we are anxiously hoping that when that end shall be accomplished, that every man who is represented by a star on our service flag, shall come back from that horror-stricken land, "over there."

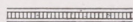
J. B. '18

THE PRESENT DAY IMPORTANCE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

THE significance of the high school to-day, industrially, economically and socially, is greater than ever. The winning of the great World War depends largely on the high school. Truly, as never before, it is "the bulwark of the nation." It is the silent factor behind the lines, just back of the trenches.

High schools all over the nation belong as one unit to the Junior Red Cross and many to both chapters of the Red Cross. War-savings stamps and Liberty Bonds are liberally supported by high schools. The high school was the chief means by which the food conservation campaign was made so effective and forcible. The importance of the economy and the saving of food was impressed upon the minds of the students, who pledged themselves to support and follow the food conservation schedule. Many high schools are closing in the spring and fall in order that the pupils may have the opportunity to plant and harvest crops. Other high schools are giving instructions in special War-saving work during the summer time. Nearly every high school teaches the students military drills and exercises.

Every high school, too, has its service flag, with many stars, which is honored and revered by the students. Above all, the high school fosters and stimulates in each individual student, that unquenchable patriotism, that indomitable Americanism, that never dies but is the ever-lasting fruit of Democracy.



We wish to tender thanks to the many who assisted in the editing of this issue of the Enterprise. Much credit is due to the staff for their splendid departmental work, to Mr. Way, Miss Beauchamp and the typewriting classes who so ably typed the material, to Miss Hesse for her valuable advice and aid, and to the student body for their splendid support.



COMMERCIAL

THE CULTURAL VALUE OF A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION

ONE of the chief arguments in favor of a commercial education to-day is that it can be turned readily into dollars and cents, as opposed to the so-called "cultural studies," the supposed prime purpose of which is to give discipline. Now the commercial studies, as taught in the better class of commercial colleges and high schools, aside from their vocational and money-getting value, have a cultural value for which they are seldom given credit.

The accomplishment is generally regarded as the principal value of the study of music and piano playing. Yet the incidental value of training the hand to obey the will is often inestimable, and the acquisition of the accomplishment requires much concentration.

We may apply the same argument to the study and practice of typewriting, especially when the typist is at the same time a stenographer. Here the hand is taught to obey the will in rapidly transcribing stenographic notes into proper long-hand diction.

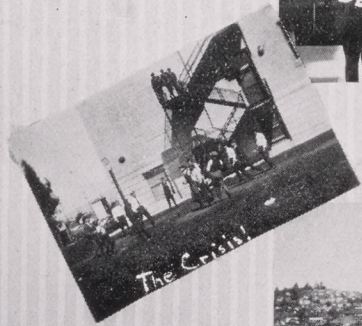
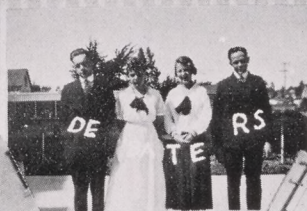
In reference to stenography, the study of the subject has a cultural value probably quite equal to the study of a foreign language, and attaining the requisite speed demands the undivided attention of mind and will.

In the study of bookkeeping one, to be successful, must learn to do things quickly, accurately, and neatly. There is no better mental discipline than that which is acquired in the art of bookkeeping,—especially does the taking of a trial balance demand very close attention, and in the preparing of a business statement great precision must be used.

This is so, to a certain extent, in each of the various other studies of a commercial course, but perhaps more pronounced in these previously mentioned.

In these times especially, we appreciate more fully the value of a thorough education, and as we grow older, adding our own life experiences to those of our advisors and friends, we shall feel a still deeper gratitude toward both classmates and teachers for the start in life which they have given us.

We, of the graduating class, wish to extend our most heartfelt thanks to both Miss Beauchamp and Mr. Way for their kind and untiring effort in our behalf.



The Grissel



My own city high school



Chicken's eye View



You can't get Sundes goat



Field Day



Key? at the baz!



The Daily Bread Line



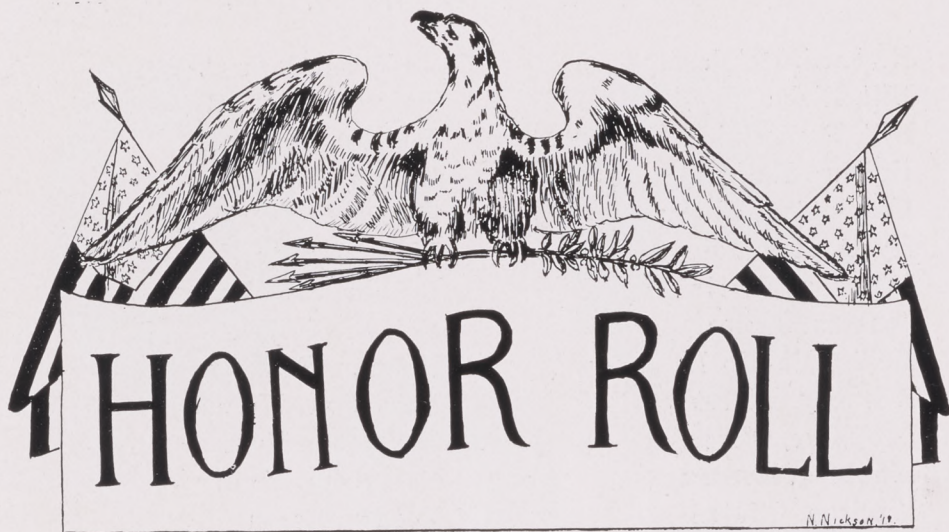
R.N.D. Let's Come for Stay



For what reason



P.H.S. Service
90 Blue Star
1 Gold Star



Adams, Albert
 Adams, Clare
 Adams, Claude
 Adams, R. S. Jr.
 Allen, Clifford
 Allen, Will
 Anderson, Dr. Jas. G.
 Anderson, Joe
 Andrews, Robt. Melville
 Ayers, Arthur
 Ayers, Will, Jr.
 Blim, Theresa
 Bower, Fred
 Bowles, Morse
 Boyer, Harold
 Brown, Dickson
 Brown, Harry
 Brunson, F. Millard
 Byce, Wilbur Elwood
 Casterline, Drusilla
 Christie, Irving
 Church, Lorin
 Cochrane, Herbert
 Comstock, Ralph
 Cromwell, Ralph

Dabner, Jesse E.
 Dean, Herbert
 Dickson, J. Bates, Jr.
 Doss, Calvin
 Doss, Earl
 Doss, Floyd
 Doss, Oliver
 Drees, Alvin
 Dykes, Harlan H.
 Evans, Roscoe
 Early, J. Warren
 Evans, Roy
 Faltings, Arnold
 Foster, Henry
 Foster, Will
 Freeman, Glen
 Goodwin, Linwood
 Groverman, Bernhard
 Green, Capt. Jonathan
 Guth, Geo.
 Haran, Cap't Joe D.
 Hardin, Ansel
 Hatton, Earl
 Helm, Frances
 Herrick, Rogers

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Hibbard, Ralph	Pedersen, Ivar O.
Hill, Blake	Pederson, Leland
Hill, Raymond	Peoples, Dr. S. Z.
Holmes, Nathan	Peters, Ashley
Huntington, Harry	Peters, Clifford
Hyatt, Rob't. Roy	Phair, Carter N.
Ingerson, Melvin	Poehlmann, Max
Jackson, James	Potter, Clio W.
Keller, Phillip L.	Putnam, Rodney
Kennedy, Elbert	Raymaker, Herman
LeFebvre, Oliver	Raymond, Chas.
Linoberg, Everett	Robertson, Evan
Madison, Clinton	Rorden, Ralph
Mahler, Chas.	Ruidi, Christian
Matthews, Parker	Sales, J. Paul
McClearey, Walter	Schmidt, Audrey
McKinney, Ivan	Shaw, Ernest
Meeks, Milo	Skilling, Ray
Meyers, Leonard	Smith, Dean
Miller, Fay	Smith, Harold
Mills, Percy	Smith, Sam
Molseed, Robt.	Smith, Stanley
Murphy, Ralph	Speker, Leo
Murphy, Ray	Symonds, Will
Nattkemper, Emil	Tonningsen, Eric
Nusbaum, Albert	Tonningsen, Otto
Orr, Alexander	Toortillot, Ray
Partridge, Elmer	Voris, Arthur
Partridge, Frank	Weston, Hall
Partridge, Roy	Wheeler, Percy
Peck, Harold	Woolsey, Lloyd
Peck, H. Percy	Woolsey, Theodore
Pedersen, Arthur	Young, Ralph





Henry Reynaud, Pres.
T. Binkley, Treas.

Esther Pedersen, Sec.
Waldo Brown, Acct.

Mercy Meyer, Vice-Pres.
Dorothy Norman, Lib.

ORGANIZATIONS

COMMITTEES, 1917-1918

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Miss Hesse	Faculty Representative
Carroll Leonard	Senior Representative
Donald Sinclair	Junior Representative
Lyman Clark	Sophomore Representative
G. Waage	Freshman Representative

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Wilma Rorden	}	 Senior Representative
Louis Hamilton		
Wayne Park	}	 Junior Representative
Clare Gallagher		
Lucille Meyer		Sophomore Representative
Percy Schwobeda		Freshman Representative
A. B. Way		Faculty Representative

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Mercy Meyer	Jessie Filippini
Dorotha Daunt	Stanley Gregory
Ray Benson	Henry Reynaud
Donald Sinclair	Miss Merritt
Gladys Kenney	

STUDENT BODY, 1917-1918

President	Henry Reynaud
Vice President	Mercy Meyer
Secretary	Esther Pedersen
Accountant	Waldo Brown
Treasurer	T. Binkley
Manager Enterprise	Cecil Sullivan
Editor Enterprise	Hortense Clark
Manager Boys' Basket-ball	Dean Smith
Manager Girls' Basket-ball	Sue Casterline
Manager Girls' Tennis	Fay Peoples
Manager Boys' Tennis	Ray Benson
Manager Track	Leon Reynaud
Manager Baseball	Henry Doss

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Manager Hand-ball	Herbert Smith
Manager Plays	Chas. Wilson
Manager Debates	Harold Rorden
Librarian	Dorothy Norman

STUDENT CONTROL, 1917-1918

Waldo Brown	}	Seniors
Henry Reynaud		
Hortense Clark		
Esther Pedersen		
Pearle Leonard	}	Juniors
Lela Lock		
Leon Reynaud		
Chas. Wilson		
Catherine Neilson	}	Sophomores
Lyman Hopkins		
Anna Keyes	}	Freshmen
Herbert Mikkelson		
Ruth Thom	}	Faculty Appointment
Jesse Benson		

CLUB OFFICERS — 1917-1918

LATINA SODALITAS

President	Lyman Clark, '17; Amy Frasier, '18.
Vice President	Dorothy Clark, '17; Gladys Kenney, '18

EL CIRCULA

Honorary President	Mr. Nyman
President	Charles Wilson
Vice President	Pearle Leonard
Secretary-Treasurer	Ruth Dahlmann
Entertainment Committee	{ Dorothy Mott Esther Anderson

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Clubs were organized on August 27, 1917, and a large number of members were enrolled. There was no opera this year but the Glee Clubs participated in some splendid programs. They excelled in the Red Cross Entertainment, March 15, and delighted a large audience. At present they are working on an entertainment which will be given May 3, at the High School Auditorium.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS, 1918-19

President	Charles Wilson
Vice President	Lela Lock
Secretary	Lucille Meyer
Accountant	Lyman Clark
Manager Enterprise	Roy Penry
Editor Enterprise	Jessie Filippini
Manager Plays	Donald Sinclair
Manager Interclass	Leon Reynaud
Manager Debates	Waldemar King
Manager Girls' Basketball	Amy Frasier
Manager Boys' Basketball	Herbert Smith
Manager Girls' Tennis	Dorothy Sales
Manager Boys' Tennis	Herbert Horn
Manager Track	Donald Cameron
Manager Baseball	W. Hagedohm
Librarian	Marie Dittman



DEBATING

ONE of the most favored activities this term has been debating. It has been very successful, so far, and great interest has been shown by the students.

The first debate of the season was on March 1. Under the new ruling, it was necessary to have two teams, one to uphold the negative and one to uphold the affirmative side. The affirmative speakers for Petaluma, debated at the high school auditorium. They were Mercy Meyer and Charles Wilson. The negative speakers, Esther Pedersen and Waldo Brown, debated at Santa Rosa. The question was —

RESOLVED: That California should adopt the single tax. Both of the Petaluma teams, by the vote of the judges, were winners. The next debate was on April 12. The question was —

RESOLVED: That California should adopt the single house legislature. Jesse Benson and Waldo Brown upheld the negative side at Petaluma and Esther Pedersen and Charles Wilson upheld the affirmative side at Berkeley. The negative side of the Petaluma team, was unanimously declared the winner at Petaluma, but the affirmative side was defeated at Berkeley.

At the present time, a series of inter-class debates are being arranged and will take place the early part of June.

SCHOOL NOTES

August 20 — Hurrah! School has started at last. The Freshies seem to be greener and smaller than ever.

August 20 — The Seniors held the first class meeting of the term this morning. It was full of “pep” and hotly contested. Those elected were:

Carroll Leonard	President
Ruth Thom	Vice President
Susan Casterline	Secretary

STUDENT CONTROL

Boy representatives Arthur Todd, Henry Reynaud

Girl representatives Hortense Clark, Esther Pedersen

August 31 — Our first Jolly-Up was a wonderful success. The Freshies, including Mr. Nyman and the Misses Merritt, Henderson and Pilkington, were adorned with beautiful bright green bows and ties. Mild initiating, in the form of stunts, was in order, and the Freshies all survived, though somewhat pale and shaken. Newburgh and Smart played dandy jazz music, — chaperons were plentiful, — and we danced till midnight.

Sept. 21 — Whew! my eyes hurt! Today was officially declared “Odd Sock Day.” There were some odd and mirth-provoking combinations. Some showed their patriotism by wearing the P. H. S. colors, while others ventured forth in red and blue, red and green, and many other colors, — and some were even bold enough to wear stripes!

Oct. 8 — Today was “Sack Day”, and we all brought sacks which were later donated to the Woman’s Club as their potato crop, which will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross, will soon be ready to harvest.

Oct. 13 — The first meeting of the Latin Club (Sodalitas Latina), composed of second and third year Latin students, was held this evening.

Oct. 26 — The Freshmen and Sophomores had a party in the gymnasium tonight. There were games for those who did not care to dance, and all had a most enjoyable time.

Oct. 31 — A Junior-Senior Hallowe’en Masquerade was held this evening. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated, — the music was “jazzy,” and everybody had a good time that will long be remembered.

Nov. 16 — A Spanish Club was formed today, and the officers are as follows:

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Mr. Nyman	Honorary President
Charles Wilson	President
Pearle Leonard	Vice President
Ruth Dahlmann	Secretary

The club was named "El Circulo Espanol."

Nov. 20 — Mr. Arthur Conradi, accompanied by Prof. Edward Lippitt, favored us with a number of beautifully rendered violin selections. Before the program Prof. Lippitt spoke of the original musical instruments and their development. He also gave a few words of explanation preceding each number on the carefully selected program. Mr. Conradi was heard at his best, and the afternoon was enjoyed by all present.

Dec. 12 — "Thrift Day" was observed today and an interesting program appropriate to the occasion was rendered.

Jan. 15 — A current event lecture was given in the auditorium today. Chas. Wilson read the interesting lecture.

Jan. 26 — A Freshman Reception was held in the gymnasium, Sullivan and Winfield furnished the music, and there were games for those who did not dance. The gym. was attractively decorated with patriotic bunting and the flags of our Allies, and also the P. H. S. Service Flag. Each Freshman was presented with a green hat and a stick of candy and labelled "Freshie."

Feb. 8 — A delightful morning musical was given before the Music Appreciation class. Miss Prutzman sang several pleasing solos, and was assisted by Prof. Lippitt. The subject for the morning was "Schubert."

Feb. 8 — The Senior Boys and Girls Basket Ball teams were banqueted tonight by the other six class teams for having won the inter-class basket ball series. Howard Kalish was the toastmaster, and after dinner remarks were made by the captains of the various class teams and by Mr. Nyman. Cecil Sullivan and Wayne Park presented a delightful skit during the evening.

The teams in whose honor the banquet was given are:

Girls' Team: Hortense Clark (captain), Esther Pedersen, Susan Casterline, Nellie Lorentzen, Agnes Matzen, Neyda Doss, and Ada Turner.

Boys' Team: Carroll Leonard (captain), Olin Hopkins, Henry Reynaud, Dean Smith, and Louis Hamilton.

Feb. 12 — Lincoln Day was observed in the auditorium this afternoon. Interesting essays were read by several of the senior students. Mr. Norman S. Frost spoke on "Reminiscences of Lincoln." Mr. Frost displayed a copy of the New York Herald, dated Apr. 15, 1865, recording the death of Abraham Lincoln.

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Feb. 13 — A current event lecture was given in the auditorium this afternoon in the sixth period. Hortense Clark read the lecture which accompanied the slides.

Feb. 21 — In the auditorium tonight a reception was given in honor of Lieutenant S. Z. Peoples who will soon leave here for war duty. A large number of his friends were present to bid him farewell and wish him Godspeed on his journey.

The auditorium and halls were decorated with the flags of our Allies and the P. H. S. Service Flag which now contains 112 stars.

Mar. 8 — The Juniors and Seniors had an enjoyable Hard Times dance in the gym tonight. These class parties are always full of "pep" and "jazz" and are anxiously awaited by the students.

Mar. 8 — The "Junk Drive" is now on in earnest, and Cal. Brown, official "Junk-Collector --- in Chief" is on the job.

Mar. 8 — Another musical program was rendered in the auditorium this morning. Miss Woodman and Miss Prutzman sang, accompanied by Miss Dorothea Bolz. Miss Bolz also played a number of beautiful solos. The theme this morning was "Mendelssohn."

Mar. 13 — A current event lecture was given in the auditorium this afternoon. Supt. of Schools E. B. Dykes lectured on the slides, which were very timely and interesting.

Mar. 15 — The Junior Red Cross Benefit was held this evening and the auditorium was crowded. The program, though long, was exceptionally good, and those who were in charge of the program are to be complimented on the success of the affair.

April 20 — We had the last Jolly-up of the season to-night. The music started later because so many of the boys had to work --- but it was "jazzy" just the same. There was a good crowd, good music, a good floor---and everybody had a good time. Sad !!! to think we'll have no more Jolly-ups till next term.

April 29 — Labor Day for P. H. S. The boys worked on the grounds and grandstand and some went "junking." The girls sewed and knitted. Some cooked for the boys, who were nearly starved by dinner time, and thought the "eats" the best ever. Part of the afternoon was spent practicing for the big vaudeville, and minstrel show to be held next Friday night.

May 3 — Petaluma Hi goes "over the top" in her vaudeville show. It was the biggest success in the annals of the school. The house was full and then "some" Each performer did wonderfully well Fully \$170 was cleared. Hurrah! for our Liberty Bond Fund.

May 8 — Fay King, the noted Examiner writer and cartoonist addressed the students. Her talk was delightfully unconventional and informal and was enjoyed by all.

THE DAILY EGG, '18

THE HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"The Importance of Being Earnest," the Oscar Wilde play, was presented very successfully in the auditorium Friday evening, Dec. 7th, as the annual high school play. It was a credit to the performers and the school and to Mrs. Frank J. Greene and Miss Prutzman who coached the performers with their usual thoroughness. Much credit is due, too, to the Manual Training Department, who under the direction of Mr. Binkley, made splendid scenery.

Leon Reynaud, as John Worthing, who was Ernest in town and Jack in the country, played his difficult role with the ease and manner of a professional. He was well received, as was his brother, Henry, who played Rev. Cannon Chasuble, a very pompous and dignified English clergyman. Cecil Sullivan, as Algernon Moncrieff, a London dandy, drew many laughs, and was given a fine reception by the audience. Roy Penry as Lane, Algie's pessimistic valet, and Olin Hopkins, as John Worthing's very much shocked butler, got the most out of their parts, both being unusually excellent.

Miss Esther Waite, as Lady Bracknell, the haughty and elderly English woman, was exceptionally fine.

Miss Mercy Meyer, as Cecily Cardew, the ward of John Worthing, a sweet, unspoiled English girl, was delightful.

Miss Wilma Waite, as Gwendoline Fairfax, Lady Bracknell's daughter, was charming, and Miss Dorothy Mott, as Miss Prism, the elderly guardian of Cecily, was, like others, fine, getting the best out of her role.

The entre act music and incidental music, was furnished by an orchestra composed of Will Goehner, Mrs. Hazlett and G. Lester Hollis. Following the event there was dancing in the gymnasium until midnight to splendid music furnished by Mrs. Chas H. Meyers.

The mothers of the members of the caste served refreshments for the performers, and all who assisted in the production, as well as the Juniors and Seniors, and a most delightful social time was enjoyed.

Miss Pilkington and Louis Hamilton collected the properties for the play. Donald Sinclair, Dean Smith, Jack Fitzgerald, Waldemar King, Howard Kalish and Mr. Binkley acted as scene shifters and did this important work well.

THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW

On the evening of May 3, at the high school auditorium, the students gave their great vaudeville show for the benefit of the High School Liberty Bond Fund.

It was a wonderful success and will go down in the annals of the high school. The auditorium was crowded and many people were turned away. The program consisted of classic, patriotic and comic num-

THE ENTERPRISE '18

bers. It was a clean, wholesome program with every number fine and every performer right up to the standard. Special credit is due to Misses Prutzman and Pilkington and Mr. Binkley of the faculty, and Messrs. Geo. Ott and Thos. Caulfield who assisted in the coaching.

Following is the splendid program:

PART I.

1. Opening Chorus Members of High School Glee Clubs
2. Vocal Solo Miss Fay Peoples
3. Male Quartet Messrs. Kulberg, Leonard, Penry, and Sullivan
4. Vocal Duet Miss Gladys Kenney and Fay Peoples
5. Baritone Solo Mr. Roscoe Evans, U. S. A.
6. Finale Members of High School Glee Clubs

PART II.

7. Me and Tuesday Messrs. Park and Sullivan
8. The Story Book Ball Misses Kenney, C. Nielsen, Rasmussen, I. Nielsen, Filippini, Peoples and Bonnell.
9. The Mediaeval Modern Ballad of Mary Jane,
Reading Miss Mercy Meyer
Shadowgraph Miss Esther Waite, Messrs. Sinclair, Reynaud and Gray.
10. Votes for Women Misses Casterline, Clark, Pedersen, Wagner and Mr. Hagedohm.
11. The Ancient Mariner Mr. Calvin Brown
12. Original Dance, May Roses Miss Kenney
13. The Glass Eye Factory Mr. Jesse Benson
14. Soldierette Training Camp Misses Pedersen, Clark, Filippini, Waage, Arfsten and Chase.
15. Caught in the Draft Messrs. Sullivan, Park, Smith and Leonard



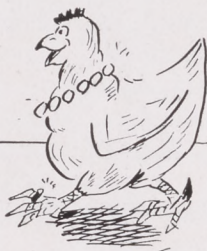
THE DAILY EGG

NO. 13.

Chapter Q.E.D.

Vol. P.D.Q.

EGG MARKET
Prices Too
High To Quote
<>



THE WEEKLY NONSENSE

U. R. Bonehead, Editor.

Issued yearly

Chapter 29384. Vol. 31958

Funday, Dogust 49, 1918 D. C.

ATTENSHUN

All those who like this paper will please subscribe. We will not do our best to please you.

Terms: 6 pins per month or 5c per century. Potatoes not accepted as substitutes.

ATTENSHUN FELLOW CITIZENS

Whot I think wee nead in this scule is a little pep. Why dont sum of you guys git up in the Studed Body and do a little arguing onct inn a while? There is one bunch of guys that you let do all the talking and nobody else geets a chanst. It ain't rite and something ought to be didded about it.

Complaint Department, Esq.

EDITORIAL

This edition of the Daily Egg was originated, compounded, printed and edited for the sole purpose of occupying the space hither-to vacant and empty in the minds of the busy rich, and the idle poor. Those who wish to spend twenty-four pleasant, profitable, economical, Hooveristical hours, please take notice.

Nothing uncomprehensible will be found in this issue. It was not made by, for, or of the educated. The essence of its verbs, nouns, pronouns, adverbs and adjectives, abstract or concrete, is simple and understandable, if you have a fair understanding. The wisdom and erudition substantiated and expanded there-in, is more precious than rubies. The exhaustive research, the mental energy and physical destruction consumed in this issue was huge, immense, enormous. Yet we offer this pearl of great worth, for the same small price as last year, NIX to NOTHING plus a thumb tax. Delay not before you send us your subscription. Procrastination is as dangerous as an insane Ford.

N. B. The Daily Egg has bought out the Weekly Nonsense and combined the two, making a paper that should be found in every American home, chicken-house and barn.

THIS SPACE OPEN

Rent 3 pins per month

Apply at the OFFICE

MYSTERY NOT

CLEARED UP

It is still a misstry to awl the girls in schul as to the exact meenin of the D. D. D. D. and the peepul who belong to ut aught to clear up the misstry.

Some Swell Dance Allright

A decidedly and extremely conspicuous shin-dig was given by the missterous D. D. D. D. on the nite of last Friday. C. Ullivan unt Windfield played their harmonikers and everybody enjoyed themselves. But the unaccountable absence of so many Freshmen went a long ways towards makin the evenun unpleasant. The ARKADE did a Russian bussiness that evenin and the waiter was rushed.

IF THEY HAD

BEEN LADIES

"Give me liberty or I shall accept nothing whatsoever, so there."

— Patricia Henry.

"I came, I saw, I am engaged." — Julia Caesar.

"You may shoot, Gridley, upon the completion of your toilet. — Georgiana Dewey.

"We have met the enemy and it was a lovely wedding." — Olive Hazard Penry.

"Full speed onward and plague take the torpedoes." — Admiral-da Farragut.

"I promise to flirt it out on this line if it takes all summer." — Ulyssia S. Grant.

War is --- just awful. — Wilhelmina T. Sherman.

WANTED ADDS

- WANTED—1 lb. of ambition. W. Romwall.
- WANTED—An eye shade for late hour study. Wayne P.
- WANTED—A set of dictionaries. Oscar Goldberg.
- WANTED—Information on gold dredgers. T. Binkley.
- WANTED—Seven \$28 pants. Basket Ball Team.
- WANTED—Lessons in aviation. C. Sullivan.
- WANTED—Tops of all doors sawed out. Shorty.
- WANTED—A public instructor to teach the boys to flirt. Susan Castlerline.
- WANTED—A good looking boy who likes weight. Wilma W.
- WANTED—A class with greater ability to comprehend the essence of knowledge. R. Nyman.
- WANTED—Some gold tacks by by two old ladies with brass heads.

FOR SALE

- FOR SALE—Thirty-eight copies of Ashley's Civics. History class.
- FOR SALE—A new set of brains. L. Reyno.
- FOR SALE—All speed cops. G. Burbank.
- FOR SALE—One heating plant Janitor.
- FOR SALE—Two wheels and a put — put. Turk Jr.
- FOR SALE—Miss Elizabeth with four wheels running. F. Arfsten.
- FOR SALE—My baby habits. R. Peters.

FOR RENT

- FOR RENT—My company. W. Rorden.
- FOR RENT—My barn at Lakeville for dance. S. Gregory.
- FOR RENT—My upper story. Been vacant for many years. R. Rasmussen.
- FOR RENT — My voice. E. F. Peoples.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

- LOST—My brilliant ideas. The Editor.
- LOST—My reputation for oratory. H. W. Brown.
- STRAYED—My memory. L. Lock.
- STRAYED—My little tub. E. Pedersen.
- LOST—A rattle. Return immediately. I'm lonesome without it. E. Gray.
- STOLEN—My delivery. M. Meyer.
- STRAYED—H. Burbank and G. Chamberlain. Last seen going in a southerly direction down the highway. Return to box 36 if found, and receive reward.
- LOST—A Mule, by an old man with very long ears, a scar on his hind leg, and his tail cut off. Finder return the same to 49 Horseshoe Ave. and receive reward.

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

We will embark in the in the Undertaking Business yesterday. We would be very pleased if everybody would die soon, as we are tired of waiting.

DREES & LEONARD, 23 Croak Street

OUR QUESTION BOX

This is only for the use of our readers who have subscribed for "The Egg" for life. As the price is NIX and NOTHING in advance we hope all will give the matter due consideration. Address all queries to

"THE EGG"

Dear Egg:— I heard an owl hoot at me the other night. What shall I do? — Dave.

Answer — I think you'd better mil-dew. — Ed.

Mr. Editor — I broke a looking glass yesterday. How can I avoid having bad luck for seven years? — A. Keyes.

Answer — Break another one and have bad luck for fourteen years instead. — Editor.

Dear Ed:— If the chickens who laid "The Daily Egg" were moultin, would the cow shed? — Comedian.

Answer — Yes, I really think so. — Editor.

DEAR Egg Editor:— My brother eats his peas with a knife, and half of them roll off. How can I help him? — M. Arfsten.

Answer — Mash the peas. — Editor.

—o—

Local relatives have received a post card from Rev. Keyt, stating his safe arrival at Napa.

Mrs. Harold Rorden has been in from Bodegaville to visit her mother, Mrs. Nielsen.

Editor Egg:— How can I get my salary raised? — S. Gregory.

Answer — Make the boss believe what you aren't.—Editor.

Dearest Ed:— If Anna Keyes was lost could Lela Lock the door? — Kea Ringe.

Answer — Interview Percy Swabador. —Editor.

Dear Ed:— Can you tell me when the war will end? — Anxious.

Answer — We have given your question much thought but have not fully decided yet. We will let you know in our next issue. — Editor.

Editor Egg:

Dear Sir:— My little Elizabeth has stopped running and I can't make it go. What is the trouble? — A. Sanderson.

Answer — "Ask Dad, he knows." — Editor.

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

Tooth Rom eats only two meals a day. Why not everybody? Ze antsure in ze next edishun.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

GET FAT

You will gain one pound in five years by eating my Liberty Bread made of the best peanut shell flour with 20 per cent Chalk.

RAYMOND BENSON

Maitre de cuisine of Sullivan's
Restaurant

WE ARE AT THE WAR! DON'T WASTE

Hints on personal saving

- Don't lose your temper, — you may not find it again.
- Don't throw away your smiles — they may not be found.
- Don't cast your eyes on your neighbor's seat, — they may be sat on.
- Don't stutter, unless you are talking.
- Don't bite your nails, — they are needed for shipbuilding.
- Don't blow your nose too hard, — the bridge might break.
- Don't wear tight shoes, — corns must not be crowded while growing.
- Don't lean on your shoulder blade, you might dull it.
- Don't grow fat, — it will make the waste (waist) larger.
- Don't think too hard, you might crack your skull.
- Don't waste the milk of human kindness, it is needed.

PERSONAL MENTION

- Fay Peoples has been riding in a Dodge. (Ed. note., that's nothing, so has Miss Merritt.)
- Mr. Hankus Reynaud has been advanced to the position of scene shifter.
- Mr. Herbert Smith's voice has been heard very prominently, supporting the first tenor, in the choral recitals lately.

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW

- How the baseball team can win the championship. Baseball team.
- How to be a Prima Donna. C. Liddle.
- How to look wise. L. Hamilton.
- How to get my Chem. experiments in on time. D. Mott.
- How to be a skating instructor. C. King.
- How to give a civics report. W. Dodge.
- How to get to Spanish on time. H. Doss.
- How to look wise. Freshman class.
- How to frame pictures. W. Park.
- How to make my Chem. class something. E. Daniel.
- How to be a second Caruso. O. Kulberg.
- How to be a Spanish Prof. H. Smith.
- How to have a good time. Senior Class.

PERSONAL MENTION

- Jesse Benson now holds the record for the mile run in the inter-class meets by making the distance in the remarkable time of 12 min., 42 sec.
- Leon Reynaud has gone to the city to take special piano lessons. (Ed. note. It is rumored that there is a charming young lady who also takes lessons from the same teacher.)
- "The Egg" wishes to extend its heartiest sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Kalish during their married life.

AWFUL ACCIDENT

Charles Wilson, the original speed burner had a very narrow escape from instant death the other morning while on his way to attend his studies at the Chicaluma High School.

He was bringing some young ladies from Bodega Way in to their morning studies.

It happened on the main thoroughfare at the corner of Bassett and Baker streets. As Kid Wilson was going to turn up Basset St. from Baker St., a speed cop held up his white gloved hand and told him to stop, as he was exceeding the speed limit. At this, the young ladies began to scream, Charles got all fussed up, jammed on the brakes, and the machine (Ford) began to skid. It hit with a bang against the curb, throwing the occupants out on the sidewalk, and smashing the left hind wheel of Charlies flivver.

A call was sent to the Drees Undertaking Parlors for an ambulance and all were immediately rushed to Kenney's Hospital, where Dr. Gladys Kenney found that no bones were broken, and that they were more scared than injured, so they were sent back to school to recuperate.

Mr. Wilson's charge will be brought up against him later, for not obeying the laws, and in the mean time he had better acquaint himself on the book, How to Run a Ford," by Nanetta Adams.

CONCERNING KISSES

Kissing is an ancient art—
Nobody knows when it did start.

B. Franklin.

He who has never kissed
Doesn't know what he has missed.

George Washington

Kisses are like pleasures past
Can be renewed, but never last.

Aristottle

Cup and lip may often slip
But never — lip and lip.

Caesar

Kissing is the habit of the brave
Never outgrown until the grave.

Bonaparte

Two to make a quarrel
And two to make a kiss.

W. Penn

Kissing is a practice to some a privilege to others, but a pleasure to all.

D. Boone

Osculation is a blissful process.

Webster.

I never have been kissed, never will
be kissed, never expect to be kissed
by anyone save my wife.

Columbus.

Kissing is the field for science.

Edison.

Kisses are not like the styles—
they never change.

Romeo.

WHEN YOU THINK OF EATS

THINK OF SULLIVAN'S

OUR MOTTO:

Live to eat; dont' Eat to live

SULLIVAN'S RESTAURANT

Arcade Avenue

THE DAILY EGG, '18

MY STORY

As I sit at my desk
In this big study hall,
And I think of a story to write,
I recall all the plots, I ever did
know,
And I think they all are a fright.

There's the plot of the man
Whose name was, "Big Dan."
He ran off with the bar-keeper's
"Daughter."
And the one of the boy,
And the maid, who was coy.
They eloped in her step-father's
"auter."

There's the one of the fat man
Who fell in the Lake.
And found a big pearl at the
bottom.
He sold it at auction, and got a
large price,
But even this plot is quite rotten.

Of course there's the plots,
Of love at first sight.
And of romances, large and small.
But even this kind, don't appeal to
my mind,

As a gift, I would not take them all.

And then there's the brutal,
And blood-thirsty style.
Of the deeds of the brave, and the
daring.

Of cowboys and bandits,
And kidnappers too.
But of this style, I am really not
caring.

So the plot I would like,
Is the one I can't find.
As I think of these plots, more and
more.

But wait—

I see in the distance a light,
It is almost as bright as the sun.
Now I read these words, in letters
so bright.

"Your career as a writer,
Is Done."

WAYNE KNOWLES PARK '18

—o—
ADOPTION

Adopting is the fever now,
And known to be contagious
If you don't own a sailor-boy,
It simply is outrageous!

The girls who used to be so shy,
Now write a letter daily
And if you ask them who its for
"My soldier—" they laugh gaily.

They answer to your questioning,
"We have to keep him happy,
And so we write him letters,
Full of news and doings snappy."

"We knit him things to warm his
heart,

Make fudge to warm his tummy,
And tho we've never seen him yet,
We really feel quite chummy."

So don't be horrified, my friend,
To find that Bess, or Molly,
Is writing to a soldier, for
It's just to keep him jolly.

D. J. M. '19

**PHYSICAL CULTURE
LESSONS FREE**

Balance self on left ear every morning
ten times, at night on nose eight times
Increase four times daily. For further
instructions write to

EMMALEAN F. DAN YELLS
13 Calisthenic Ave.

THE DAILY EGG, '18

Thoughtfully thought the thinking
Freshman,
Thinking thoughtful thoughts.

This did not last,
As near him passed
A Kultured looking Soph.
His voice was high
Green was his eye
His beard hung low
From one sandal peaked a toe
He stopped began to scoff.

"Oh tell me,
Thou who art mightiest in small
things
Art thou he,
Who is the smallest in the things
most mighty?"

If this be so,
Then to me show
The bright abode of Intellect.
If this be not,
Then have I got.
My listless life to retrospect."

At this the Freshman's jaw did
drop
Like one who owes a bill
His brain turned off the juice and
stopped,
From his face fled the chlorophyll.

"Pebble on the sands of time!
Oh snail beneath my feet!
Freshman, why lookst at me so
sublime?
Ope wide thy mouth and squeak."

"Unmitigated wop" the Fresh-
man's yelp
Taxed all his little gas supply;
"I chalenge thee, oh mighty whelp;
To outwit me or die."

The Soph from out his beard then
took

With fish like grin a hated book
Of algebra it scented strong.
The Freshman glanced at it in
dread

As fearing it would hurt his head
Such mental work would do him
wrong.

"Well, now that you have brought
this book

I'll learn its every rule;
Will get all "stickers" hook or
crook,

Drive my teachers out of school.

Conning o'er it day and night,

No joys shall interrupt me;

Meals will seem loathsome to my
sight

I'll convolute my brain all
zealously."

The old Soph blinked his sea-green
eye,

His Adam's apple turned around;

His long, weathered beard flew all
awry

He threw three fits and bit the
ground.

HALL WOODWORTH

—o—
JUST LIKE HER

She gave back his letters

With her fine patrician air

While a tinge of gentle sadness

Made her seem more truly fair,

And thus the band was severed

While their love was in its
spring;

She gave him back his letters

But, she kept his diamond ring!

THE DAILY EGG, '18

ODD SOCK DAY

They came in ones, they came in
threes,
On Odd-Sock Day —
Some wore stockings, some bare
knees.

On Odd-Sock Day.

Purple and orange, yellow and blue,
On Odd-Sock Day.
I started and stared and wouldn't
you?

On Odd-Sock Day.

Do you get the impression I intend
to convey?

Of Odd-Sock Day

Then do you wonder we hope and
pray

For another Odd-Sock Day?

BOXING LESSONS

BECOME A PRIZE FIGHTER

Learn the new Russian Method.

Will knock you out as many times
as needed to show you that it works

CALVINSKY BROWNOVITCH

1 Knockout Alley

LEARN

**How to write notes in the Study Hall
without being caught**

I have been successful in the business
for the last two days

NOTE: Teachers need not apply.

Apply Room 5 before or after school

Prices guaranteed not reasonable.

DOROTHY LOTT

PROF. WILYUM MEDDLE SOME

COMPOSER OF DISCORDS

I have composed up to date the follow-
ing:

THE GRAFAPHONE SCRAPE

THE DISH TOWEL WIPE

BATTLE OF NOTES

THE BRASS BANG

THE JUICY SLIDE

Set your words to beautiful discords

STUDIO:

23 Lost Chord Ave., near Jazz Street

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

THIS basket ball season has brought to Petaluma High School, one of the things it has long wished for, the dividing of basket ball teams into two classes; 130-pound and unlimited class. Petaluma has, in the past, had a squad of small players unable to compete with the heavier teams of its opponents. When the league officials divided basket ball into two classes it gave Petaluma a chance to win the championship of the Northwest League of the C. I. F. League, which was accomplished with very little effort; most of the teams forfeiting their league games. The unlimited team lost its first league game, and thereby lost its chance to win the championship. Basket ball this season was exceptionally well managed by Dean Smith, and Leon Reynaud made an efficient captain.

Before the league games started a series of interclass basket ball games were held. The first game ended in the defeat of the Juniors by the Freshmen, the Seniors won the second game from the Sophomores, and the Seniors won the school championship by defeating the Freshmen in the third game.

The Senior girls, not to be outdone by the boys, won the girls' interclass basket ball series. The winners of the boys' and girls' series were awarded their numerals and the pennants offered by the Associated Students.

The following is a list of the players on the 130-pound team and the unlimited team:

130 lb. Team		Unlimited Team	
Carroll Leonard ...	} Forwards		Carroll Leonard
Herbert Smith			Howard Kalish
Howard Kalish	Center		Leon Reynaud (Capt.)
Dean Smith (Mgr.)	} Guards		Henry Reynaud
Elmer Starke			Fred Arfsten
Carl Neilson	} Subs.		Dean Smith
Mervyn Haskell ...			Herbert Smith
Walter Green			Herbert Burbank
Chas. Carmody			

THE ENTERPRISE '18

GAMES PLAYED BY 130 POUND TEAM

Petaluma vs.—	Played At	Won by	Score
Tomales	Petaluma	Petaluma	29-24
Santa Rosa	Santa Rosa	Santa Rosa	34-28
Analy	Sebastopol	Petaluma	31-19
Tamalpais	Mill Valley	Petaluma	26-22
Sonoma (League game)	Forfeited to Petaluma		
Tomales	Forfeited to Petaluma		
Analy (League game)	Forfeited to Petaluma		
Analy	Petaluma	Analy	17-16
San Rafael (League)	Petaluma	Petaluma	42-5
Oakland Y. M. C. A.	Petaluma	Y. M. C. A.	49-23

GAMES PLAYED BY UNLIMITED TEAM

Petaluma vs.—	Played at	Won by	Score
Sonoma	Sonoma	Sonoma	26-24
Santa Rosa	Santa Rosa	Santa Rosa	33-31
Healdsburg	Healdsburg	Petaluma	32-38
Healdsburg	Petaluma	Petaluma	21-18
Sonoma	Petaluma	Petaluma	23-7
Analy (League game)	Sebastopol	Analy	33-23
Tamalpais	Mill Valley	Tamalpais	59-51
San Rafael	Petaluma	Petaluma	29-16





Top Row: Leonard, Neilsen, Haskell, D. Smith
 Second Row: Green, Kalish, Carmody
 Third Row: Starke, H. Smith, Stumbaugh.



Top Row: Arlsten, Burbank, H. Reynaud.
 Second Row: H. Smith, D. Smith.
 Third Row: Kalish, L. Reynaud, Leonard.

BASEBALL

OUR base ball team this year has not been able to come up to the one we had last year. Of the eleven men making up our last year's team, three were left. Consequently we had to develop practically a whole new team. The boys turned out and practiced, but in spite of the efforts of Captain George Crescenzo and manager Henry Doss, we were unable to turn out a winning team. By the looks of the material in the lower classes, we may expect a winning team to be turned out in the near future, a team that will win the league championship as our last year's team did.

We had to forfeit our first game as it came during vacation and the players could not be brought together, and also lost our chance to play more league games. We played a game with Analay Union High and were defeated by a score of 8 to 3. Our battery was L. Reynaud, F. Arfsten, and W. Hagedohm.

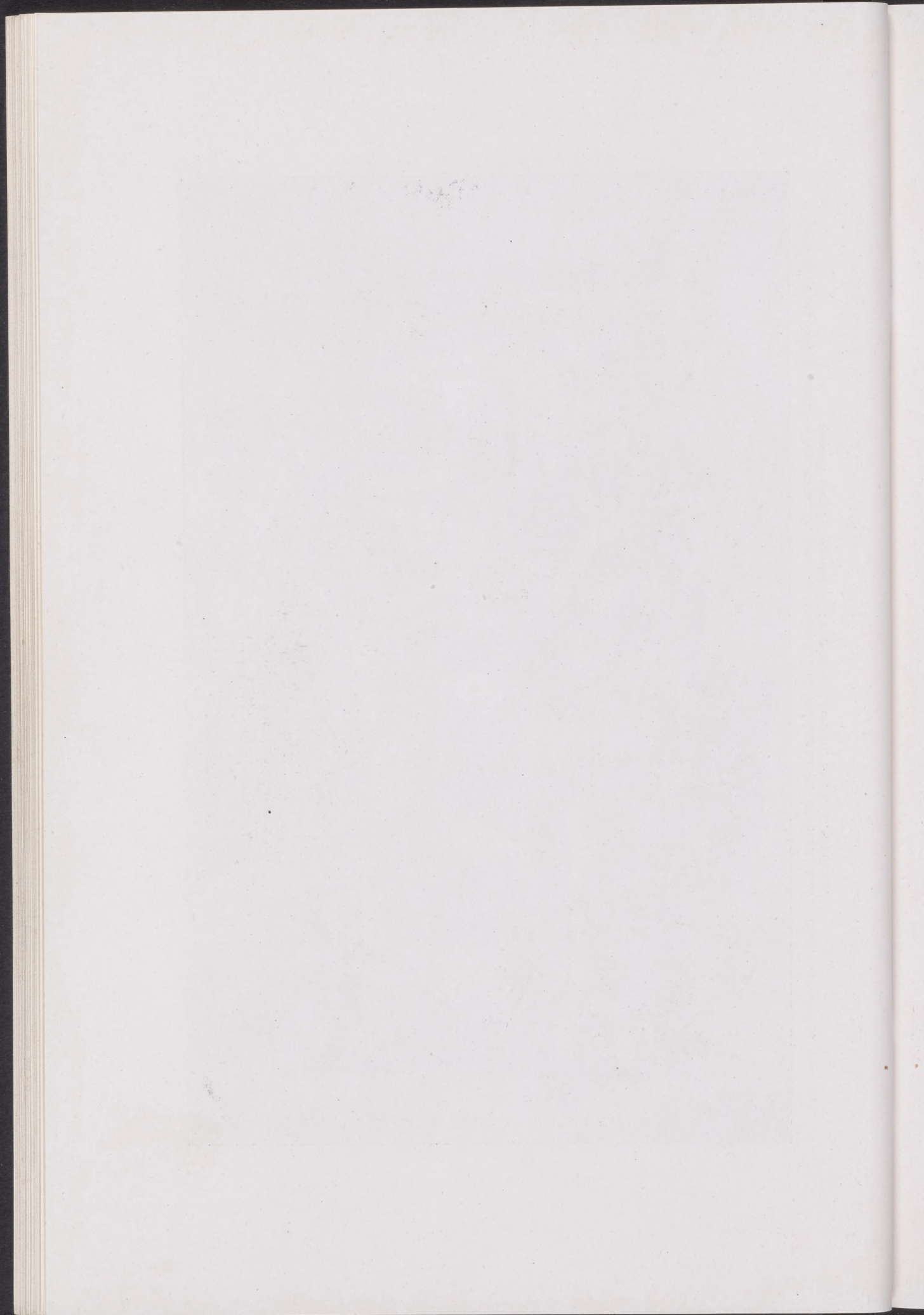
Our team for the year was composed of the following players:

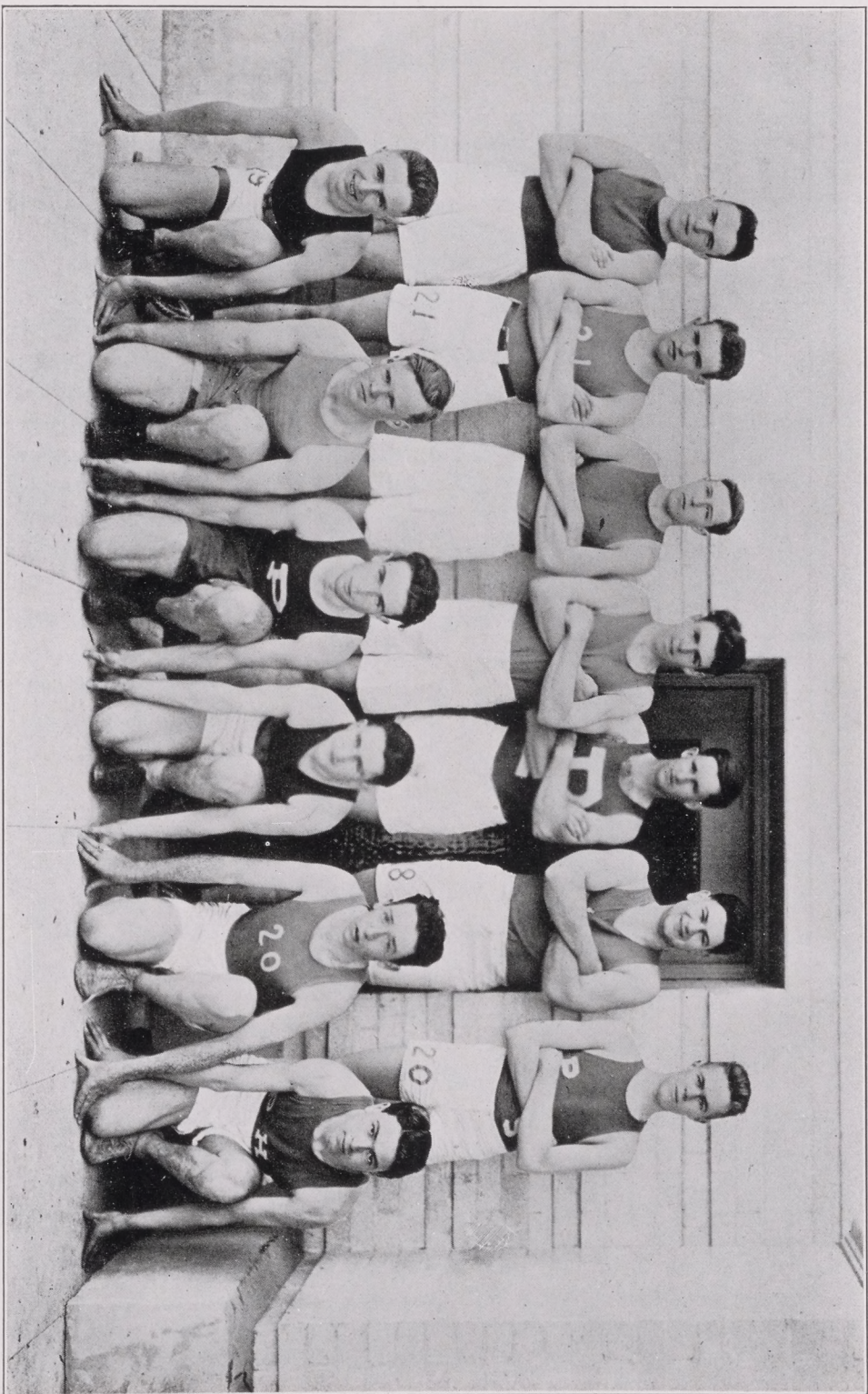
Catcher	Walter Hagedohm
Pitcher	Leon Reynaud, Fred Arfsten
1st Base	David Burbank
2nd Base	Norton Keyt
3rd Base	Carroll Leonard
Short Stop	George Crescenzo (Capt.)
Right Field	Henry Reynaud
Center Field	Herbert Smith
Left Field	Clyde Skilling
Sub.	Herbert Burbank
Sub.	Henry Doss (manager)



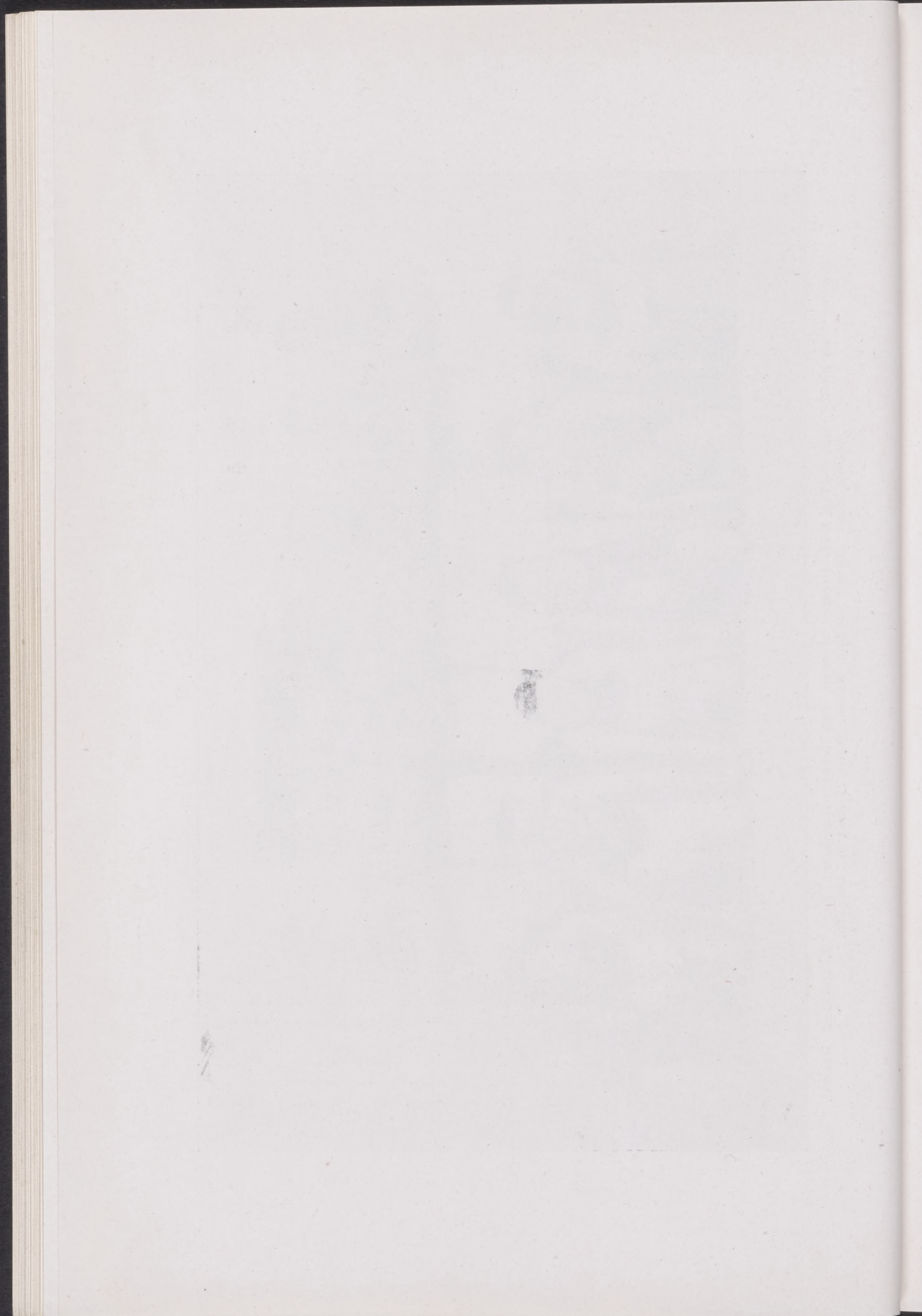


Reading from left to right—Top Row: T. Binkley (Coach), D. Burbank, H. Burbank, Keyt, Doss, Arfsten, H. Reynaud.
Second Row: Hagedorn, Crescenzo, Leonard, Smith, C. Skillings.





Reading from left to right — Top Row: Gregory, Arfsten, Van Beber, Hagedorn, Keyt, H. Reynaud, Haskell.
Bottom Row: Penry, Skilling, Kalish, Smith, Carpenter, Leonard.



TRACK

"ALL things come to him who waits" if he doesn't die of old age first. Our track men didn't wait for the long promised track to be finished, but trained on the uneven ground, where, we hope, our track is to be. The track men worked hard thinking to get a place in the fall meet, which was to be held at Santa Rosa. The Inter-class meet was held a few weeks before the big meet and resulted in the Seniors winning first place, Juniors second, Freshmen third and Sophomores last.

Petaluma was only able to get fifth place in the meet at Santa Rosa, but she had the honor of having the biggest individual point winner, on her team. Howard Kalish was first in the 100 yd. dash and high jump and third in the broad jump. Our other point winners were H. Reynaud, F. Arfsten, A. Van Bebber, L. Skilling, W. Carpenter.

The track manager this year was Leon Reynaud and the track captain was Howard Kalish. The team selected for the spring meet is as follows:

100 yd. dash	H. Kalish, H. Smith, C. Leonard
220 yd. dash	C. Leonard, H. Smith
440 yd. dash	W. Carpenter
880 yd. dash	L. Skilling, W. Hagedohm
1 mile run	F. Arfsten, M. Haskell, N. Keyt
Discus	H. Reynaud, Leon Reynaud
Shot	H. Reynaud, L. Reynaud
High Jump	A. Van Bebber, H. Kalish
Pole Vault	Roy Penry, A. Van Bebber
Broad Jump	H. Kalish, L. Skilling
Relay	Hogan, Carpenter, Arfsten, Hagedohm

TENNIS

THERE has been a great deal of interest shown in tennis this year; nearly everybody in the school playing; but no stars have been discovered in the squad. Carroll Leonard, one of last year's league champions is with us but he cannot win all the games alone. Carroll Leonard, Arthur Todd and Ralph Murphy played at Sebastopol in the first of the league series but were defeated and lost their chance to win the league championship. If the interest now shown in tennis is kept up we are certain to have some very good tennis players developed in our school in the near future.

EXCHANGES

"Render to every man according to his works."

"AZALEA" — Sebastopol.

A splendid magazine well arranged and with an attractive cover. A few departments cuts would improve the appearance. Centralize your jokes.

"EL MIRADOR" — Alhambra.

Our most elaborate exchange. Your numerous cuts are very interesting. Why not a larger literary department?

"FAR DARTER" — St. Helena.

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Miss Hesse: (Wanting someone to do a problem in Geometry):
Lyman Clark raises his hand. "No, not you Lyman, someone who is
lazy. Herbert you try it."

"When did Mrs. Way get stung?"

"When she got A. B.!"

Mr. Nyman: "Er—ah—reflect a moment."

Senior: "Huh! I'm not a mirror."

The class in Biology were supposed to make a drawing of the organs
of several plants.

D. Daunt (appearing in class-room): "Gladys, did you get your
organs fixed up?"

Gladys: "No! I have a piano."

Lines in Latin all remind us,

If we had old Caesar here,

Would departing, leave behind us

Loving foot-prints on his ear.

WANTED: A piano by man with beautifully carved woden legs.

— Ex.

Miss Prutzman: "Why is it necessary to keep cocoa-nut oil at a
certain temperature?"

Starke: "If it got too hot the nuts would melt and leave cocoa."

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Cury O City: "Are you going to Ukiah?" (to field meet)

Off A. Little: "No, Napa is nearer!"

Miss Daniel (discussing atoms in chemistry): "Now suppose you put 102 people in a big dance hall ten feet apart each way—"

T. Hop: (interrupting) "Yes, but if it was a dance hall they wouldn't be ten feet apart."

Mr. Nyman (to History Class just after a good laugh): "Now let the government of the United States go on."

T. Hopkins: "Aw! you can't possibly please a girl!"

Miss Nagel (interrupting): "Then why do you keep on trying to?"

Miss Daniels: "Everyone use your heads now and think hard!"

I. Vory: "Let's play pool."

Girls are but an empty shell,

They powder up and flirt like (well)

Miss Daniel says "Some girls aren't ladies,

But act like foolish, grown-up babies."

Miss Woodman (History 2A) "Shall we take up this question now or would you rather wait 200 years."

SOCIETY NOTE

Chas. Wilson has made out a contract to bring Anna Keyes to school every day. (N. B. The Editor wishes to know if it was a marriage contract).

New formula in Chemistry. $2\text{KNO}_3 + \text{C} + \text{S}$ equals Bang! Bang!

Miss Prutzman: "Where is Bathe?"

R. Benson: "In the bath-room."

L. Skilling: "A person who is insane does not know what he is doing."

Mr. Nyman: "Er—yes; I'll grant them that."

Later Skilling was seen to be creating a disturbance in the rear of the room.

Mr. Nyman: "Leonard! what are you doing?"

Skilling: "I don't know."

Miss Daniel (in Gen. Science): "Pete (peat) is found in Ireland."

Gwin: "Also Pat."

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Esther P.: "I've got a new box of powder home."

Roberta: "So have I, but it's only for ornament."

Esther: "That's all any one's is for."

They stood on the bridge at mid-night,

When all was in repose,

He was a bold ——— mosquito,

The bridge? Why the bridge of her nose!

OVER THE TOP

If Susan Casterline would Warren Dodge?

Mr. Binkley had just removed some fish from alcohol, that were not perfectly preserved.

Haskell: "Those are herring, aren't they?"

T. Binkley: "They might be herring in there, but they're smelt out here."

SINGULAR!

Miss Merrit (Latin 1 B): "People (populi) is always plural, it can't be singular."

Gladys W. (yawning): "Oh! lots of people are single."

Percy S. "Say Miss Daniel, are hot biscuits healthy!"

(Voice from rear) "Depends upon which part of your anatomy they come in contact with."

Henry Doss had just tripped L. Clark, who was sitting on the floor when Mr. Nyman entered.

Mr. N. "What seems to be the difficulty, Lyman?"

L. C. "Too much opposition."

Miss Daniel: "What is an anesthetic?"

Herb (who talks a lot) "Something that puts a fellow out."

Miss Daniel: "You had better keep still or I will put you out."

Tubby: "Then you would be an anesthetic!"

Freshie (late for school): "Well! I just couldn't help it the tire on our fliv got punctuated."

ANOTHER WILSONITE!

Anna Keyes is a loving devotee of Wilson District, Charles Wilson, and also of Woodrow Wilson.

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Fresh. "Say, Burbank, why don't you get some good tires on your Marmon. I use Rheumatic Tires, they're the best."

One day Bill Carpenter was writing an ex-paper. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the next question, scratched his head and said—
"Gee! What shall I put on this?"
(The Ed. recommends flea powder.)

TWINKLE! TWINKLE! LITTLE STAR!

Herb S. "Is it true that you can see stars from the bottom of a well?"

Tubby: "Depends upon the way you go down the well!"

Freshie: "Do you know Rudolph Turnaround!"

Soph: "Rudolph who?"

Freshie: "The fellow who, if he does anything, the teacher says
"Rudolph Turn around."

Soph. "Oh—you mean Rudolph Peters."

Miss Prutzman (Eng 3B) "Who were the famous actors that played the part of Shylock, on the old English stages?"

W. King "Sherlock Holmes."

SENIOR WOES

Lambs tails (tales) in English.

Ticks in Physics ———

Goats in the backyard———

What next!

Dorfa. "I heard Mercy had a swell scheme hatched to initiate the Freshies"

Cecil: "How did she hatch it?"

Ray Benson: "Oh she just had her mind set on it."

Miss Daniel: "How can you prevent a lamp from smoking?"

R. Peters: "Turn it out"

Miss Prutzman (English 4 B): "Forks were invented in the 16th century. Evidently fingers were used as "forks" before that time."

R. Benson: "I don't see how they ate soup with their fingers."
(N. B. they drank it.)

Miss Daniel: "There are fifteen hundred varieties of germs in the air."

Studnt: "Gee! what chance have we got."

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Leon R. (to Mr. Nyman) "I understand it is improper to say, "I am done," you should say "I am finished," for in cooking "I am done" means "I am cooked"

Chas. W. "Oh! Shut up. You're stewed."

Ruby R. (coughing): Oh! I have a frog in my throat."

D. Clark (excited): "Cough it up quick, it will be a fine specimen for biology."

G. Chamberlain hears blasting. "Ooh! there goes the Chem-Lab."

Miss Prutzman (Eng 4A) "How many of you have read Shakespeare's Works. Not Lamb's Tales---Lamb's Tales (tails) are for children."

Cecil: "Dean got the can."

Mule S. "Dean who?"

Cecil: "Sardine."

Miss Prutzman (Eng): "Name some poet who led an interesting life."

R. Peters: "K. C. B."

Miss Prutzman: "An old proverb says "Two swallows don't make a summer!"

Wise One: "Nor a drink either."

Miss Prutzman: (Eng. 3B) "Who was Vulcan?"

Hall W.: "God of Forgery."

Miss Daniel: "To a chemist there is no dirt."

Tubby: "Why do they wash then?"

Rehearsing love scene between Gwen, and Jack, in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Mrs. Greene: "Leon, act terribly embarrassed."

Cecil S.: "He can't, he already is."

UNSUCCESSFUL CAMOUFLAGE

The students in "Shorty's" Physical Culture class were lined up very irregularly.

"Shorty" Sinclair: "Squad! Tenshun! Cover up!"

Freshie (in front of H. Doss): "How can I cover up Henry."

D. Drees while watching the men grading the track on a hot day: "Gee, one fellow is so hot, he is smoking." (???)

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Miss Daniel: "Chas. you had better get your experiments in. You have only handed in four."

Chas.: "O! I have them all written up in the basement."

Tubby: "Bring up the basement."

ODE TO LATIN

I would lift a horse and wagon,
I would eat a leather glove,
I would starve to death with pleasure,
All for Caesar whom I love!

I would run from here to Napa,
I would fly then to Giraud,
I would walk from there to Fresno,
For an "A" upon my card.

Miss Prutzman (Discussing Curtis' Ridicule of Political Men):
"What hurts more than a scolding?"

H. Smith: "A licking."

Miss Daniel (in chem.): "Name another mixture we have had."

C. Wilson: "Hash."

WANTED — A nursemaid for the Freshmen, one who is not affected by bright green and who will answer all questions.

Miss Daniel: "This is a graduated burnette."

H. Smith: "Graduated from what college?"

Miss Daniel: "Chickens will peck at each others feet if they are hurt. That is cannibalism."

Student: "They peck their own, too."

Miss Daniel: "Well—that's suicide."

SYMPATHETIC

J. Benson: "Canada wasn't settled very quickly because Canadian settlers were treated like babies."

Senior: "Just like we are."

Mr. Nyman (in Spanish): "Translate 'Esta bien de salud.' "

L. Clark: "There's a bean in the salad."

Miss Nagel: "They say that every time a foreigner enters Germany it rains for a week."

Brown: "Then why couldn't a lot of Americans go over there and drown all the Germans."

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Miss Woodman: "When did Draco live?"

Student: "Before he died."

Miss H: "Gladys, do you know the theorem?"

Gladys: "No, I've been absent." (Minded?)

Miss Prutzman (In music): "Would you expect a funeral dirge to be in lines of two or three feet?"

Sue Casterline: "It depends upon how big the feet are!"

Senior (To mournful looking little freshman who is apparently wearing two white socks on odd sock day): "Why haven't you got odd socks on?"

Freshie (Trembling with embarrassment): "Er-a-er-eh-a I haven't er-ah-eh- got any on at all."

Mr. Binkley (Observing Freshies trailing down the hall): "It looks as if the social committee would have to have some nurse maids and bibs for the Freshman at the Jolly-Up tonight."

Miss Merritt, explaining use of "sine": "He came without his arms."

Class laughs—

Miss M. (coldly): "I mean, of course, his weapons."

Miss Daniel (Explaining growing trees from slips): "I tried slipping once."

A. Keyes: "Did you fall?"

Miss Prutzman: "If all-right is spelled A-L-R-I-G-H-T-- mark it wrong.

Student: "How can all-right be wrong?"

Warren Dodge: "Why is the butter so hard now a days?"

Miss Prutzman: "One should heat it."

W. Brown: "Oh! I always h-heat it."

Mr. Binkley (Advisory Period): "It takes a professor in the university from 18 to 20 hours to prepare a lecture."

W. Parks (puzzled): "And still they wonder why a student can't get it in two hours."

Charlie W.: "What energy is there in books?"

T. Hop: "None! It takes yours."

(Ed. Note: You said it, Tubby).

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Miss Prutzman: "Why does poetry differ from prose?"

Peters: "It goes by feet."

Fresh: "How do you shave?"

Hank: "Why, I use sand paper."

Esther: "Tubby lend me a pencil."

Tubby: "How long?"

Esther: "The longest you have."

One day Dodge dropped a penny and exclaimed with a groan:
"There goes my dinner!"

(Congratulations, Dodge, you're beating Hoover at his own game.)

Kalish: "To be an artist, one has to have an extensive imagination."

Wise One: "No wonder you've got a swelled head."

ANOTHER MEDIUM!

Miss Daniel (to G. Chamberlain in chem.): "I want you to get over that habit of talking whenever the spirit moves you!"

Percy (Algebra 1 A): "I tell you, Miss Woodman, these points are exactly the same only different!"

The class in Gen. Science were studying the human eye.

Miss Daniel: "What makes tears?"

Aubrey: "Onions."

Fresh: "What is 'Bink'?"

Marj.: "Say, Glad., what do we have in Gen. Science for tomorrow?"

Gladys: "Oh, 'Indigestion'!"

Miss P. (Discussing the Merchant of Venice): "What does the Prince of Morocco mean when he says he will go to a swan like end?"

I Know: "He meant he would do a swan dive off the cliff."

Mabel: "I read that fish were good brain food, what kind of fish should one eat?"

Ruby: "A whale for you!"

One hot day Bill and Ila were in Towne's.

Bill: "What'll you have Ila, a 'Yes Honey'?"

Ila (Blushing): "No, Dearie."

THE ENTERPRISE '18

Since women are going to war now, the men can sigh and say, "I'm sorry I have only one wife to send!"

Glee Club (singing): "Hark, Hark! the lark, at Heaven's gate sings."

Miss Prutzman: "No! No! Don't take a breath until you get to Heaven's gate!"

((Ed. note: Please Miss P. I'd rather not die of suffocation.))

Mr. N.: "Describe the 'Defeat of King Phillip,'"

R. Benson: "Defeat or 'de feet'?"

He told her that he loved her,
The color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed about a week!

—Ex.

KAMERAD!

One day all P. H. S. was stirred by a heart throbbing charge led by General Science at the tap of the fire bell.

Miss Merrit (in Lat. 2B): "He sharpened the stick with great diligence."

Tubby: "I think he would need more than that to sharpen a stick with."

W. Brown (in Physics): "If you throw an object *down* would it be negative acceleration?"

T. Binkley: "No! to get negative acceleration you have to throw up!"

Benson: "Do you want an example?"

Prof. N.: "I'd rather have contributions."

V. Burrows: "Pass the plate!"

"They say Henry Doss has brain fever."

"Fat Chance! Can an angle-worm have water on the knee?"

Dot Daunt was coming out of German with a mournful look.

Esther: "Another German victory, eh Dot?"

D. Daunt: "Oh, I guess I'll go to the show. My German can wait."

Pauline: "Who is he?"

Mr. N.: "Henry! are you attentive? I fear your thoughts are divided."

Henry: "Oh no! I'm trying to multiply them."

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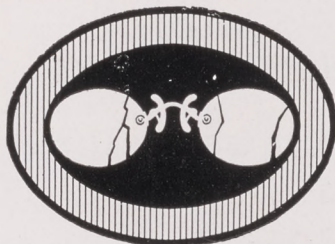
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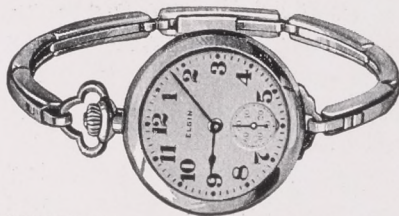
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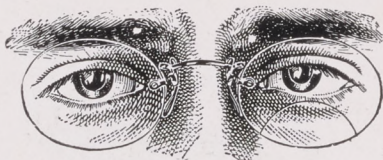
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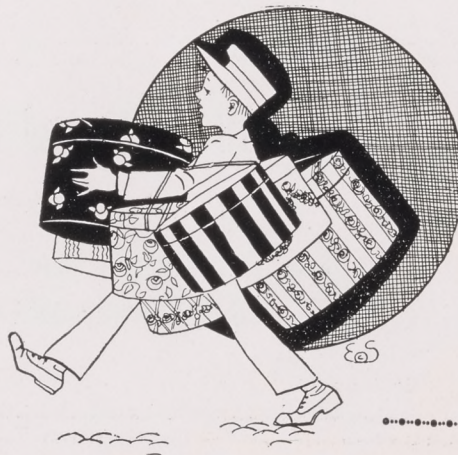
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SEEDSMAN and FLORIST

130 Kentucky St.

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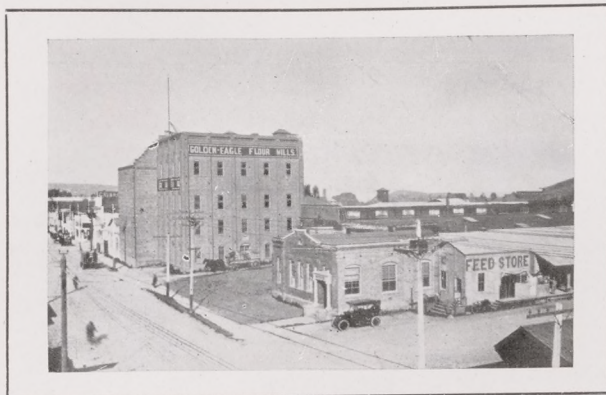
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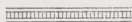
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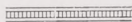
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